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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Researches in the South of Ireland. By T. Crofton Croker. 4to. pp. 303. London 1824. J. Murray.

So seldom do we take up a book on the subject of Ireland, which does not tire us with tedious statistics, or offend us by political bitterness, or disappoint us by repeating the same everlasting themes of national prejudices and foolery, that we have received a double share of pleasure in perusing Mr. Croker's very entertaining and excellent volume. His descriptions of Ireland possess three distinguished qualities: the historical details and the views of existing things are impartial; his antiquarian researches are interesting; and his general style and embellishments are graceful, replete with taste, and satisfactory both to the eye and mind. The multitude of engravings do credit to the several methods employed in representing objects whether in landscape or in science; and the lithographic specimens of the former are the prettiest we have yet seen executed, in their manner, as a book ornament, in London. In short, taken altogether, this quarto is the most agreeable volume we have read upon the characteristics of a fine country, which has hardly ever been exhibited, except through a perverted medium and by a prejudiced pen.

Our author, on the contrary, is fair and just in his observations; in proof of which, we put to the test his view of the Irish people at the present time.

"The present Irish character is a compound of strange and apparent inconsistencies, where vices and virtues are so unhappily blended that it is difficult to distinguish or separate them. Hasty in forming opinions and projects, tardy in carrying them into effect, they are often relinquished before they have arrived at maturity, and are abandoned for others as vague and indefinite. An Irishman is the sport of his feelings; with passions the most violent and sensitive, he is alternately the child of despondency or of levity; his joy or his grief has no medium; he loves or he hates, and hurried away by the ardent stream of a heated fancy, naturally enthusiastic, he is guilty of a thousand absurdities. These extremes of temperament Giraldus Cambrensis has correctly depicted when he says, 'When they (the Irish) be bad, you shall no where meet with worse; if they be good, you can hardly find better.' With a mind inexhaustible in expedient to defeat difficulties and act as a substitute for the conveniences of life which poverty denies, the peasant is lively in intellect, ardent in disposition, and robust in frame; nor does he readily despond under disaster, or yield to obstruction; but moves forward in his rugged course with elevated crest and a warm heart: with a love of combat and of inebriation, he is fond of excitement and amusement of any nature."

"The virtues of patience, of prudence, and industry seldom are included in the composition of an Irishman: he projects gigantic

schemes, but wants perseverance to realise any work of magnitude: his conceptions are grand and vivid, but his execution is feeble and indolent: he is witty and imprudent, and will dissipate the hard earnings of to-day regardless of to-morrow: an appeal made to his heart is seldom unsuccessful, and he is generous with an uninquiring and profuse liberality. Such is an outline of the Irish character, in which there is more to call forth a momentary tribute of admiration, than to create a fixed and steady esteem."

"This is, in our opinion, equally candid and judicious; but it will be more amusing to develop the whimsical features of the national aspect; and this we cannot do better than by copying some of Mr. Croker's travelling anecdotes."

"In the wild parts of Ireland the pictorial traveller will receive little assistance in his researches from the peasantry, and must rely on his own exertions and enterprise for the attainment of his object. Should he happen to have a slight knowledge of the Irish language, or can get the names of places translated to him, they will often convey a clearer and more correct idea of the spot than can be extorted by dint of cross-examination—'Convenient rebus Nomina saepe sua.'"

"Sometimes our united efforts to extort information met with no better success than the following dialogue:—

"'Pray is this the nearest road to —?'"
 "'Is it to — you are going: fait and that's not the nearest road—being 'tis no road at all.'"

"'Then had I better go you way?'"

"'Och! indeed and I wouldn't advise your going that way at all. 'Tis few people goes that way, for there's a big black dog there, and he'll ate you up entirely.'"

"'Which way then can I go?'"

"'Fait! and the best way you'd go is just to be staying where you are.'"

"The lower classes are generally unwilling to serve as guides in the wild parts of the country, declining the offers made them for such service with all that indifference and quiet humour which Miss Edgeworth so admirably delineates; and the difficulty of obtaining assistance appears to increase in proportion with the necessity of the demand."

"'Och! I'd have no objection in life to go wid your honour if supposing I could just lave my troat at home,' is no uncommon reply to your request, and is intended to express a doubt as to the safety of the expedition. . . ."

"'Did you give the horses a feed of oats at the village where we stopped to sketch?' inquired one of my fellow-travellers of the driver, who for the last three or four miles had with much exertion urged on the jaded hacks."

"'I did not, your honour,' was his reply, 'but sure and they know I promised them a good one at Limerick.'"

"Nor is this instance of pretended understanding between man and horse singular. Riding once in company with a poor farmer from Cork to Mallow, I advised him to quicken

the pace of his steed as the evening was closing in, and the lurid appearance of the sky foreboded a storm."

"Sure then that I would with the greatest pleasure in life for the honour I have out of your company, Sir; but I promised the baste, to let him walk, and I never would belie myself to any one, much less to a poor creature that carries me—for, says the baste to me, I'm tired, as good right I have, and I'll not go a step faster—and you won't make me— I scorn it, says I, so take your own way."

"A verbatim dialogue on an Irish break down happily characterises that accident: the scene, a bleak mountain, and the time, the return of the driver with another chaise from the nearest station which afforded one—seven miles distant."

"Is the carriage you have brought us safe? (One of the travellers attempts to get in.)"

"'Oh never fear, Sir; wait till I just bail but the water and put a little son of hay in the bottom—and sure now and 'tis a queer thing that the cold black chaise should play such a trick, and it has gone this road eleven years and never broke down afore. But no wonder, poor creature, the turnpike people get money enough for mending the roads, and bad luck to the bit of it they mend, but put it all in their pockets.'"

"'What, the road?'"

"'Nee, your honour, the money.'"

There is a good account of Limerick, but we can only take one inscription from its Cathedral:

"**MEMENTO, MORY**
 HERE LIETH LITTLE SAMUEL A YOUNG BARINGTON THAT GREAT UNDER TAKER, OF FAMOUS CITTIS CLOCK AND CHIME MAKER HE MADE HIS ONE TIME GOE EARLY AND LATTER, BUT NOW HE IS RETURNED TO GOD HIS CREATOR."

"THE 19. OF NOVEMBER THEN DE ROYAL SCOT AND FOR HIS MEMORY THIS HERE IS PLEASED BY HIS SON BEN 1693."

The superstitions of Ireland do not differ very materially from those of Scotland: the following, however, may be read with gratification:

"The circular intrinchements and barrows, known by the name of Danish forts, in Ireland, are pointed out as the abode of fairy communities, and to disturb their habitation, in other words to dig, or plough up a Rath or fort, whose construction the superstitious natives ascribe to the labour and ingenuity of the 'good people,' is considered as unlucky and entailing some severe disaster on the violator and his kindred. An industrious peasant, who purchased a farm in the neighbourhood of Mallow, from a near relative of of mine, commenced his improvements by building upon it a good stone house, together with a lime-kiln. Soon after, he waited on the proprietor, to state the trouble he was come to by reason of the old fort, the fairies not approving of his having placed the lime-kiln"

so near their dwelling;—he had lost his sow with nine *bonineens* (sucking pigs,) his horse fell into a quarry and was killed, and three of his sheep died, 'all through the means of the fairies.' Though the lime-kiln had cost him five guineas, he declared he would never burn another stone in it, but take it down, without delay, and build one away from the fort, saying, he was wrong in putting that kiln in the way of the 'good people,' who were thus obliged to go out of their usual track. The back door of his house unfortunately also faced the same fort, but this offence was obviated by almost closing it up, leaving only a small hole at the top, to allow the good people free passage, should they require it. In these raths, fairies are represented as holding their festive meetings, and entering into all the fantastic and wanton mirth that music and glittering banquets are capable of inspiring. A fairy chieftain, of much local celebrity, named Knop, is supposed to hold his court in a rath, on the road side between Cork and Youghall, where often travellers, unacquainted with the country, have been led astray by the appearance of lights, and by alluring sounds proceeding from within; but when

"The village cock gave note of day,
Up sprang in haste the airy throng;
The word went round, 'away! away!'
The night is short, the way is long!"

and the delicious viands change into carrion. The crystal goblets become rugged pebbles, and the whole furniture of the feast undergoes a similar metamorphosis.

"An eddy of dust, raised by the wind, is attributed to the fairies journeying from one of their haunts to another; on perceiving which, the peasant will obsequiously doff his hat, muttering, 'God speed ye, God speed ye, Gentlemen;' and returns it to his head, with the remark, 'good manners are no burthen,' as an apology for the motive, which he is ashamed to acknowledge. Should he, however, instead of such friendly greeting, repeat any short prayer, or devoutly cross himself, using a religious response, the fairy journey is interrupted, and if any mortals are in their train, the charm by which they were detained is broken, and they are restored to human society. On these occasions, the production of a black huffed knife is considered as extremely potent in dissolving the spell. This weapon is believed to be effective not only against fairy incantation, but also against any supernatural being; and accounts of many twilight rencontres between shadowy forms and mortals are related, to establish its power, gouts of blood or jelly being found in the morning where the visps had appeared. A respectable farmer has been pointed out to me, whose familiar appellation in Irish was 'Kill the Devil,' from the report of his having quelled, by means of a black-huffed knife, a phantom that long had haunted him. . . .

"Clairseane or Leprehaune is the name given to the Irish Puck. The character of this goblin is a compound of that of the Scotch Brownie and the English Robin Good fellow. He is depicted (for engraved portraits of the Irish Leprehaune are in existence) as a small and withered old man, completely equipped in the costume of a cobbler, and employed in repairing a shoe. A paragraph recently appeared in a Kilkenny paper, stating that a labourer, returning home in the dusk of the evening, discovered a Leprehaune at work, from whom he bore away the shoe which he was mending; as a proof of the veracity of

his story it was further stated, that the shoe lay for the inspection of the curions at the newspaper office. The most prominent feature in the vulgar creed respecting the Leprehaune is, his being the possessor of a purse, supposed to be, like that of Fortunatus, inexhaustible; and many persons, who have surprised one of these fairies occupied in shoe-making, have endeavoured to compel him to deliver it; this he has ingeniously avoided, averting the eye of his antagonist by some stratagem, when he disappears, which it seems he has not the power of doing as long as any person's gaze is fixed upon him. . . .

"On the whole, from what may be collected, the present state of Irish superstition closely resembles that of England during the age of Elizabeth; a strong proof of the correct measurement of those who have stated a space of two centuries to exist between the relative degree of popular knowledge and civilization attained by the sister kingdom."

The belief in witches is not so strong as in other parts of the British empire; but this is compensated by greater bigotry in more serious respects. At Youghall, Mr. C. states,

"The bigotry of the Protestants against their Roman Catholic brethren in those towns under his influence reached a degree of marked violence unknown in any other part of the kingdom, and which feeling is not entirely eradicated at the present hour; I need only instance the town of Bandon, where, over the principal gate, an inscription once stated that

JEW, TURK OR ATHEIST
MAY ENTER HERE
BUT NOT A PAPIST."

"At Youghall it was forbidden, in 1678, and remains on record, that a Papist should buy or barter any thing in the public market; and the manuscript annals of the town, from which I have been favoured with extracts, afford evidence of the illiberality of its corporation towards those of the Catholic persuasion; nor is it without regret that I add, the enactments quoted were made during the mayoralties of ancestors of my own.

"In 1696, it was ordered that any person but a Protestant freeman, presuming to go to the mayor's feast, should pay five shillings, or be set in the stocks.

"1702. Several Papists, who had been admitted freemen, were disfranchised, and it was ordered that no Papist should be made free again.

"1744. Gregory Grimes, victualler, was disfranchised, for having a Popish wife.

"I am tempted to notice, as curiosities, two other enactments of the same body. In the years 1680 and 1700, a cook and a barber were made freemen, on condition that they should severally dress the mayor's feasts, and shave the corporation, gratis."

Our last quotation relates to that very marked feature in the Irish character—the regard of the natives for their funeral ceremonies:

"'An easy death and a fine funeral' is a proverbial benediction amongst the lower orders in Ireland. Throughout life the peasant is accustomed to regard the manner and place of his interment as matters of the greatest importance; 'to be decently put in the earth, along with his own people,' is the wish most frequently and fervently expressed by him. When advanced in life, it is usual, par-

ticularly with those who are destitute and friendless, to deny themselves the common necessities of life, and to hoard up every trifle they can collect for the expenses of their wake and funeral. Looking forward to their death as to a gala given by them to their acquaintances, every possible preparation is made for rendering it, as they consider, 'creditable;' their shroud and burial dress are often provided many years before they are wanted; nor will the owners use these garments whilst living, though existing in the most abject state of wretchedness and rage. It is not unusual to see even the tomb-stone in readiness, and leaning against the cabin wall, a perpetual 'memento mori' that must meet the eye of its possessor every time he crosses his threshold.

"There is evidently a constitutional difference in the composition of the English and Irish peasant; but this peculiarity may be more satisfactorily accounted for by the prevailing belief with the latter of a future state being a material one, and subject to wants even more urgent than those of this life; under this impression, shoes, considered a luxury quite unworthy a thought, are believed almost indispensable after death, when it is supposed much walking has to be performed, probably through rough roads and inclement weather. The superstition evidently proceeds from the tenet of purgatory or qualification for heaven, held by the Romish church; and on this particular, the general belief of the Irish peasantry is somewhat at variance with the representations of their pastors: the priest describes it as a place of fire, but the people imagine it to be a vast and dreary extent, strewn with sharp stones and abounding in thorns and brambles.

"The influence of this doctrine affects rich and poor, according to their circumstances, and is a most valuable one, for I have been assured the emolument it yields to the Catholic church of Ireland, by a late limited calculation, exceeds £50,000*l.* per annum.

"The attachment manifested towards particular burial-places arises from the same cause; and the anxiety amongst the vulgar to be interred with their deceased relatives, bestows even on death a feeling of social interest.

"A remarkable instance occurred not long since. An old beggar woman, who died near the city of Cork, requested that her body might be deposited in White Church burial-ground. Her daughter, who was without the means to obtain a hearse or any other mode of conveyance, determined herself to undertake the task, and, having procured a rope, she fastened the coffin on her back, and, after a tedious journey of more than ten miles, fulfilled her mother's request. . . .

"Separate interests (as in the case of marriage) often cause disputes at funerals; and as no acknowledged rule exists in such cases, a battle usually ends the dissension; and the corpse is borne away in triumph by the victorious party to a cemetery perhaps twenty miles distant from that originally intended. . . .

"I remember once overhearing a contest between a poor man and his wife, respecting the burial of their infant. The woman wished to have the child laid near some of her own relations, which the husband strongly opposed, concluding her attachment to her friends was superior to her love for him; but he was soon convinced by his wife's argument, that as her sister had died in childbirth only a few days previous, she would

* * The following severe reply to this offensive inscription is said to have caused its removal:
'Whoever wrote this, wrote it well,
For the pun is written on the gates of Hell.'"



afford their poor infant suck, which nourishment it might not have if buried elsewhere.

"Another instance of similar superstition occurred in the case of a woman, who presented several beggars with a loaf and porringer, that her deceased child might not want a porringer or bread in the next world. She accounted for her knowledge of the wants of an after-state, by saying that a very good man, who used to have occasional trances, in which it was known his soul left his body and became familiar with disembodied spirits, returning to its former habitation after a short absence, told her, on his recovery from one of these fits, that children, dying at an early age, whose parents' neglect deprived them of the use of a porringer, were obliged to lap milk out of their hands; whilst others, who were provided in life with one, had a similar article prepared for their comfort in a future state; and 'now,' continued the woman, as she bestowed her last loaf and porringer on a mendicant, 'my mind is eased of its burthen, and my poor child is as happy as the best of them.'

"Many other anecdotes of the same nature might be related, but these are sufficient for the purpose of illustration."

The Character of the Russians, and a detailed History of Moscow; &c. &c. By Robert Lyall, M.B. 4to. pp. 640. London, Cadell; Edinburgh, Blackwood. 1823.

Of this very strange book it is not our intention, this week, to say a syllable. Our extracts, selected from the writer's Essay on the Russian character, will (we fancy) render it unnecessary for us to give our reasons for this silent course. We have only to state that the Doctor left Moscow in a prodigious hurry, without taking formal leave of his friends or of the surviving members of the infamous Physical Club.

"The too frequent practice of making marriages for convenience; the feebleness of the bonds of wedlock; the toleration of married couples, who live together, and shut their eyes to each other's well-known infidelity; and the frequent separation of husbands and wives, sometimes not long after the pleasures of the honey-moon, are but too notorious, in the Russian empire.

"I shall here take notice of the most extraordinary of establishments, the Physical Club of Moscow, because it must have had a frightful influence upon public morals. In this institution, the mysteries of nature were promiscuously celebrated, among the princes and princesses, the male and female nobles, of the freezing northern empire, by the arbitration of chance. According to some accounts, the candles being extinguished, and the whole assembly in confusion, every one seized a companion; according to others, tickets were drawn, with correspondent numbers, the bearers of which paired off from the grand saloon, to bed-rooms, prepared on purpose, for the enjoyment of libidinous intercourse. Almost all travellers make particular enquiries respecting the former existence of this Club. One of their first questions generally is to the following effect: 'Is the account of the Physical Club, in the *Voyage de Deux Français*, a fable or a truth?' The repetition of this enquiry led me to make every investigation, and I now boldly state, that the Physical Club did exist at Moscow; that its members were ladies and gentlemen of some of the most distinguished families of the Russian empire; and that it was abolished by order

of Catharine II., who, though herself the most openly licentious and profligate of sovereigns, acted well in suppressing a public establishment for fornication and adultery,—a noble brothel. Though this monarch had had some individuals severely chastised, for having merely babbled about her own imperial amours, she thought proper to have a number of the members of the Physical Club punished, in order to present an example to society. Countess —, one of the most distinguished ornaments of this association, was placed for some weeks under confinement; several of her co-partners in open prostitution, suffered degradation; and others incurred imperial displeasure. These particulars I received from a source of unquestionable veracity, which prudence must, at present, conceal. Indeed, I am acquainted with a gentleman who was a rejected member of the Physical Club. He went to that noble place of convenience, by the recommendation of some friends, and was willing to have submitted to the usual formalities and requisite probation. Having arrived at the Club, a few minutes after the candles had been extinguished, and already there being present more males than females, he could find no partner; but he was kindly invited to return to an approaching assembly, for these promiscuous social meetings only took place at fixed periods. Report, however, says, that the gentleman alluded to was admitted a probationer, but that his fair partner having declared against him, he was rejected. Be this as it may, he certainly never returned to the Club.

"An institution which at once outraged the best feelings of human nature,—insulted virtue,—did open violence to morality,—broke through the divine law,—unshackled the bonds of society,—and degraded man to the level of brutes: an institution so uncommon, that its equal is not to be found in the history of nations, might well excite the curiosity of some, the incredulity of others, and the detestation of all. Thank heaven its days are past!

"I have already given my opinion as to the meanness of the Russian nobles;—many of them are given to profligacy;—sensuality is a very general characteristic;—and novelty has, no doubt, an almost omnipotent influence upon their minds. I shall here introduce a few anecdotes in illustration of these points.

"In the spring of 1821 I resided at Serpukhof, a district town in the government of Moscow. The *Maslenitsa*, or Butter-week, which precedes the Carnival, was distinguished, as in the metropolis, by balls and amusements, and even a well-managed masquerade. A sledge parade was announced for Saturday, and a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, by Prince — *le Maréchal de la Noblesse*; and I, among others, accepted the invitation. The number of sledges was not great, nor the spectacle at all imposing. As the weather was cold, every individual present seemed to await the breakfast with impatience. After being tantalized till 2 o'clock, a shabby entertainment followed. Half of the ladies and gentlemen never sat down, but ate and drank while standing on their feet; some seized a piece of fish with a fork, put it upon a plate, and withdrew from the table; others, without ceremony, got hold of pieces of a pie, divided on purpose, and retired with them in their hands. Some got a dram of sweet *Vodka*, others a glass of wine, &c. &c. All I could come at, in the universal scramble, was a little *Vodka* and a bit of pie. A gentleman who had been

more fortunate, and had partaken of two or three dishes, seemed to enjoy a triumph, when a servant approached him and demanded two roubles and a half;—so much for each dish, and half a rouble for his dram. His astonishing wild stare of surprise, fury, and indignation, and his hearty curses, I shall not readily forget. He paid the money, and the affair ended. Application was then made to some of the other guests, who absolutely refused payment. I was about to quit the grand hall, when a servant approached me and demanded a rouble and a half. I felt insulted, and while scolding, desired that Prince — might be told, that I had been present at a public entertainment, and that I should never pay a kopeck, and off I went. Every individual present understood, that the paltry breakfast was given by Prince —, and indeed a number of his favourites were not asked payment. His steward was master of the ceremonies; his cooks prepared the dishes in the assembly-rooms of the town; his servants waited at table; and he himself acted as host during the entertainment. Deservedly he was abused by his countrymen for this *acte élatant*.

"A nobleman of the highest rank, now in his grave, invited his friends to an elegant dinner and splendid entertainment, in his fine gardens on the banks of the Moskva. The most distinguished personages of the metropolis were present. With surprise, one of the guests was remarked, as he most dexterously conveyed a silver spoon, which he had been using, into his pocket. Immediately after dinner, this noble left the party, and attended by livery servants, got into his carriage and drove home.

"A prince of the northern empire having entered one of the magazines at Moscow, wandered up and down, passed a number of articles in review, and demanded their prices. While the proprietor and his assistants were busily occupied in shewing a variety of wares to numerous purchasers, the said nobleman clandestinely,—and, as he thought, without being seen,—seized a gilded tea-cup and saucer; conveyed it under his cloak; commenced a general conversation; pretended to have forgotten something; ran off with his booty; deposited it in his carriage; re-entered the magazine; bought some trifling article; departed, and, followed by a couple of servants in gorgeous apparel, seated himself in his vehicle, and, no doubt, dwelt with complacency on his triumph, as he was hurried along the — street to his splendid palace.

"But though such striking cases of noble meanness and theft now and then occur, the reader is not too hastily to generalize, and to suppose that they are very common."

"A tutor, who was attached to two pupils, sons of one of the most distinguished of the ancient noble families of Russia, carried them with him to an exhibition of animals, birds, &c. In the collection was an amusing monkey, which was said to be very dexterous in seizing those little insects which generally have their abode in the heads of children. It was proposed to make the experiment; but the keeper of the menagerie said he was sorry on account of its being the dinner hour and none of the servants present, that unless they would wait a little, they could not be gratified. One of the pupils easily overcame this objection, by proposing that his brother's head should be examined. Accordingly, the monkey began his operations among the hair, and discovered abundance of prey, to the no small amuse-

ment and laughter of the few visitors who were present."

"At the first tables, jellies, marmalades, and preserved fruits, are generally served up as a part of the dessert, and every guest has his own plate; but sometimes it happens, that the same spoon makes the round of the table, with the preserves or jelly, and serves the whole company; each individual having filled his mouth, kindly passing the spoon for the accommodation of his neighbour. Among the lower nobility, the ladies and gentlemen—I beg pardon, *la noblesse*—having retired from dinner, often find fruits and jellies placed upon a covered table, to which they approach and help themselves at their pleasure, one spoon serving all the party, however numerous; or sometimes a servant hands both the jelly and the spoon in succession to each individual. This practice is carried to the perfection of disgust, among the rich merchants, among the clergy, and among those peasants who have acquired wealth by their industry.

"There is another custom very prevalent among all classes of the Russian nobility, which is extremely disagreeable,—that of spitting upon the floor. Neither fine inlaid floors, nor even Wilton carpets, oppose any obstacle to this detestable practice. The Russian noble will spit immediately before you, and rub the saliva with his foot. It is but just to say, however, that he sometimes retires to a corner of the room to conceal this deposit. I once visited a prince, in the country, the exterior of whose palace was imposing. I was shown into his cabinet, the walls of which were elegantly adorned with paintings, and its floor covered with a beautiful foreign carpet. His Excellency and I entered into a long conversation, by the conclusion of which, it was completely bedaubed all round his vicinity."

"What Dr. Clarke says, of 'living victims' being seen in distress, in platefuls of soup, must be regarded as very extravagant. How many times have I dined at the tables of the nobles, without ever once having made such a discovery. The circumstance occurred once or twice to one of my friends, and once to myself, when obliged to dine upon the road, at the house of the steward of Countess —. The filth of almost all the Russian kitchens might justify the most disagreeable suspicions. But to discover victims so frequently in one's plate, as Dr. Clarke seems to have done, during his short abode in Russia, would probably require microscopic aid, and microscopic imagination. The Briton who is resident in the houses of the nobles, or who even frequents them as an intimate friend, is necessitated to witness enough of disagreeable scenes, without the least exaggeration.

"In addition to what Dr. Clarke has said of Prince Potemkin's abominable practice, I have been informed, by a gentleman who had access to his Excellency at all times, that when making his morning visits on business, he often found him simply habited in his shirt, night-gown, and stockings, and stretched upon a sofa, while one of his nieces was most delectably employed in insect-hunting amidst the avenues of his bushy head of hair.

"I must candidly state, that I have never seen any of the beautiful princesses of Moscow, nor even of the lower classes of the female nobility in Russia, imitate the elegant action laid to the charge of Prince Potemkin. In the streets of the ancient metropolis, we may see lazy loungers;—and in the shops of

grocers, butchers, &c. we may remark their attendants occupied in performing to each other that kind of office which is chiefly requisite for children;—but certainly those of the nobility who require the same attention, do not expose themselves publicly while in the act. The peasants, it is true, when they visit the bath, sometimes hold their shirts and their shoes over a hot stove till the vermin fall off. But they have another, and a much more effectual manner of destroying such pests, when they become superabundant. To use their own expression, *they roast their clothes*; i. e. they unstrip themselves, and having loosely rolled up their vestments, they introduce them into the hot oven of the bath, and they allow them to remain there, until they conjecture that no more victims remain for sacrifice."

"A young lady, who was received into the very first society of Russia, and who seemed to have been thoroughly imbued with the idea of 'beauty when unadorned adorned the most,' exposed herself in the most indecent manner before the servants, male and female, of a great house, and afterwards boasted of her wanton conduct. As I knew something of her obscene language, and her lewd behaviour, this event did not surprise me so much as the report which lately prevailed, of her being about to enter a monastery. She might have gone there for purification.

"At Kaséno, about eight or nine miles from Moscow, there is a lake which is celebrated for curing diseases, and especially 'the curse of barrenness'; and hence it is often called the *prolific lake*. This village is much frequented, particularly on Sundays, and the devotees, male and female, after attending divine service in an adjoining church, as in the times of primeval innocence, bathe promiscuously in the lake; and then, very frequently, withdraw to the shades of the neighbouring woods. A friend of mine was one of a Sunday-dinner party in the country, who, in their way home, made a détour to Kaséno. When near the bathing-place, which was then in the open air, they quitted their carriages, and my friend, with a lady of high rank, led the van. Perceiving some individuals in the water, in a state of nature, he suddenly stopped, but the lady made a movement, and they advanced. At the brink of the bath, she said to him, 'Ce n'est rien. Pourquoi avoir une honte déaturée?' —"

"Russians, farewell! May heaven grant your speedy elevation in the scale of intellect, show you the value of morality, and inspire you with true religion!"

THE PASTON LETTERS.

HAVING on Saturday mentioned the completion of Fenn's original Letters, by the publication of the fifth volume, and extracted a few specimens illustrative of early manners in England, we think it due to the value of the work to continue our course for yet another page of our miscellany. The purchase of horses on the Continent (the breed here not having been perfected, as since effected) and the qualities required in that noble animal, are curiously illustrated in the following epistle:

"Sir, this is the fifth letter that I have sent you, wherein this intent that followeth was always one, that is to say, that it pleased you some one day to take so much labour for me for to see the gentlest horse in Calais that is to be sold, and to let me know his colour, deeds, and price, remembering that he be also

large as measure will, for I love no small horse, nor horse that will ever be lean and slender, but I would have him high trotting, if it will be, and if he be stirring withal, he shall please me the better, for I would have him all for the pleasure and not for the war, but if [unless] he might be, for both; verily there is no tidings on that side the sea, save only the welfare of you and all other there, that I would so fain hear of as a gentle trotting horse that were light and pleasant in deeds, if any such be there; Flemish horse I think ye will have enough that will play for a mile or two, but such we have here also; howbeit I pray you send me word of your store, and be sure of the price, if ye like any, or else let some one for you."

Various domestic affairs are treated in a striking way in other letters from John Paston to his brother and mother. For example:

"Also remember your right of your wreck at Winterton: these are the men's names of Winterton,—Robert Parker, of West-Somer-ton, John Langard, of Winterton, Thomas Goodknappe, of the same, William Wratham, and John Curteys, of the same Winterton, that carried off your several ground 22 carts full of stuff, 8 score Bowstaves, 3 score and 7 Wainscots, 1400 Clapald (q. *Clapboard*), 5 barrels of tar, 4 couple of oars, and great plenty of wreck of the ship, that is worth much money, as ye shall understand the truth after this; and as for your Herring that should into Essex, they are there by the grace of God; as for your Swans, they shall be there by our Lady's day next coming, I trust to God, who have your mastership in his keeping.

"Written at Maultby, whereas I am right weary, on St. Andrew's day, the 17th of Edward IV.

"Sir, if it please your mastership, I sold yet no barley, nor none can above 14d. the Comb, as I sent word in a letter by John Russ; and I took 4l. in money to bring to your mastership. The price of your Herrings is 4l. 3s. 4d. besides other costs. Harry Cook would go with your Swans, for his gift should be 6s. 8d., and therefore he would give you his labour, if so be ye payed for his costs. Ipse dixit."

"Also, Mother, I heard while I was in London, where was a goodly young woman to marry, which was daughter to one Seff, a mercer, and she shall have 200l. in money to her marriage, and 20 marks (13l. 6s. 8d.) by year of land after the decease of a step-mother of hers, which is upon fifty years of age; and ere I departed out of London, I spake with some of the maid's friends, and have gotten their good wills to have her married to my brother Edmund, notwithstanding, those friends of the maid's, that I communed with, advised me to get the good will of one Sturmy, which is in Master Pykenham's danger [déb] so much that he is glad to please him; and so I moved this matter to Master Pykenham, and incontinent [immediately] he sent for Sturmy, and desired his good will for my brother Edmund, and he granted him his good will, so that he could get the good will of the remanent that were executors to Seff, as well as the said Sturmy was; and thus far forth is the matter; wherefore, Mother, we must beseech you to help us forward with a letter from you to Master Pykenham to remember him for to handle well and diligently this matter now this Lent; and, for I am acquainted with your conditions of old, that ye reek [care] not, who enditeth more

letters than ye, therefore I have drawn a note to your Secretary's hand, Fryer Perse, which letter we must pray you to send us, by the bearer hereof, and I trust it shall not be long from Master Pykenham."

"And as for Hellesdon, my Lord of Suffolk was there on Wednesday in Whitsun week, [13th May,] and there dined, and drew a stew, and took great plenty of fish; yet hath he left you a pike or two, again ye come, the which would be great comfort to all your friends, and discomfort to your enemies; for at his being there that day, there was never no man that played Herod in Corpus Christi play better, and more agreeable to his pageant, than he did; but ye shall understand that it was afternoon, and the weather hot, and he so feeble for sickness, that his legs would not bear him, but there was two men had great pain to keep him on his feet; and there ye were judged, some said 'slay,' some said 'put him in prison; and forth come my Lord, and he would meet you with a spear, and have none other mends [amends], for that trouble that ye have put him to, but your heart's blood, and that will he get, and with his own hands, for and [if] ye have Hellesdon and Drayton, ye shall have his life with it; and so he comforted your enemies with that word, that they who have dealed and deal with the wood, and [the] most principal now is Nicholas Ovy, for as for Farrer, the mayor, he deals not, without it be under covert; for it is said that he besought my Lord that he might have other assignments for his money that he had paid, for plainly he would deal no more with the wood; and so my Lord hath set in the bailiff of Cossey: and all is done in his name; and as for his servants, they daily threat my master your brother and me to slay, for coming on their Lord's ground; and they say that we made adventure, and they be answered, as ye commanded me, for many a great challenge make they to Master John, both Master Wodehouse, Wiseman, with other divers that I know not their names, but he holdeth his own that they get no ground of him; and this he lets them know, that if they beat him, or any of his, they shall abide [suffer] six for one, and so they deal not but with their tongues; and as yet, since Farrer was at London, there passes not three acres of wood down, but they carry fast for fear of rain, &c."

"We have here (adds the Editor) a Letter full of business, containing many curious circumstances relative to the manners of the times. The public delivery of a Subpœna, at morning service, deserves notice, and the violent behaviour of the Duke of Suffolk will not escape the attention of the reader; the comparing him to the character of Herod, in a Mystery, wherein, I suppose, the Murder of the Innocents was represented, is an humorous allusion to the blustering and violent language and manner attributed to that personage."

The next contains an account of Walter Paston's being made a Bachelor of Arts, the custom of making a feast, &c. and the expectations he had of receiving venison, &c. from the neighbouring gentry.

"And if ye will know what day I was made bachelor, I was made on Friday was sev'night [18th June,] and I made my feast on the Monday after [21st June,] I was promised venison against my feast of my Lady Harcourt, and of another person too, but I was deceived of both; but my guests held them pleased with

such meat as they had; blessed be God, who have you in his keeping. Amen.

"The Lady Harcourt here mentioned was most probably (the Editor remarks) Margaret, daughter of Sir John Byron, and widow of Sir Robert Harcourt, Knight of the Garter, of Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordshire. The effigies of this lady on her tomb, in the church of Stanton Harcourt, represents her with the garter on her left arm, just above the elbow, which proves that in former times the ladies of these knights were honoured by wearing this badge of their husband's knighthood; a distinction which ought to be re-established for the honour of the order and the ornament of the fair."

The following extracts are similar to those that precede, and display many points of our ancestors' fashions:

"Also, Sir, I pray you send me by the next man that cometh from London, two pots of treacle of Genoa, they shall cost 16d. for I have spent out that I had with my young wife, and my young folks, and myself."

"Sir, I pray you that ye will send some child to my Lord of Buckingham's place, and to the Crown, which, as I conceive, is called Gerard's Hall, in Bread Street, to inquire whether I have any answer of my letter sent to Calais, which ye know of; and that ye will remember my brother's stone, so that it might be made ere I come again, and that it be cleanly wrought; it is told me, that the man of Saint Bride's is no cleanly pourtrayer, therefore I would fain it might be pourtrayed by some other man, and he to grave it up."

"Sir, your mast that lay at Yarmouth is let to a ship of Hull for 13s. 4d. and if there fall any hurt thereto, ye shall have a new mast therefor."

In the whole collection, however, we find no letter which better contrasts ancient times with the present, and that in high matters too, than the annexed, which gives a peculiarly interesting account of the meeting of Henry VII. and the King of Castile in Jan. 1505-6:

"To the Right Worshipful Master Robert Darcy and Master Giles Alington, being at the George in Lombard Street, be this delivered in haste."

"Right Worshipful Masters, I recommend me unto you, certifying you that the King's Grace and the King of Castile met this day, at three of the clock, upon Elworth Green, two miles out of Windsor, and there the king received him in the goodliest manner that ever I saw, and each of them embraced [the] other in [his] arms."

"To show you the King's apparel of England, thus it was, his horse of bay, trapped with needle work; a gown of purple [purple] velvet; a chain with a George of Diamonds, and a hood of purple velvet, which he put not off at the meeting of the said King of Castile; his hat and his bonnet he availed, and the King of Castile in case like."

"And the King of Castile rode upon a sorrelled hobby, which the king gave unto him; his apparel was all black, a gown of black velvet, a black hood, a black hat, and his horse-harness of black velvet."

"To show you of the king's company; my Lord Harry of Stafford rode in a gown of cloth of tissue, tuckered, furred with sables; a hat of goldsmith's work, and full of stones, diamonds and rubies, riding upon a sorrelled courser barded with a bard of goldsmith's work, with roses and dragons red; and my Lord Marquis riding upon a bald sorrelled horse, with a deep trapper full of long tassels

of gold of Venice, and upon the crupper of his horse a white feather; with a coat upon his back, the body goldsmith's work, the sleeves of crimson velvet, with letters of gold."

"My Lord of Kent upon a sorrelled horse, bald; the harness of Venice gold, with a deep fringe of half a yard of length. My Lord of Kent's coat was one bar of cloth of gold and another of crimson velvet, purled with a demy manche cut off by the elbow. These be the lords that bare the bruit [were most noticed]."

"Sir Hugh Vaughan upon a bay horse trapped with crimson velvet full of gilt bells, a gown of black velvet, and a chain of gold bawdrick wise [belt wise] worth five hundred pounds. These be the spears: Master St. John upon a black horse, with harness of cloth of gold, with tassels of plunket [blue] and white; a coat of plunket and white, the body of goldsmith's work, the sleeves full of spangles."

"John Carr and William Parr, coats like the horses, gray of Parr, trapped with crimson velvet, with tassels of gold, and bells gilt. Carr's horse bay, with an Almayne harness of silver, an inch broad of beaten silver, both the coats of goldsmith's work the bodies, the sleeves one stripe of silver, the other gilt."

"Edward Neville upon a gray horse trapped with black velvet full of small bells; his coat the one half of grain velvet, the other of white cloth of gold; these two the rutters [casters or throwers] of the spears, with other divers well appointed."

"On the King of Castile's party, the Lord Chamberlain Chief, I cannot tell his name as yet, his apparel was sad [dark coloured], and so was all the residue of his company, with cloaks of sad tawny [dark dusky yellow] and black guarded, some with velvet and some with sarsenet, not passing a dozen in number."

"It is said there are many behind, which shall come with the Queen of Castile, which shall come upon Tuesday."

"When the King rode forth to Windsor Castle, the King rode ever [always] upon the right hand of the King of Castile; however the King's Grace offered him to take him upon the right hand, the which he refused."

"And at the alighting the King of Castile was off his horse a good space ere our King was alighted; and then the King's Grace offered to take him by the arm, the which he would not, but took the King by the arm, and so went to the King's of Castile chamber, which is the richestly hanged that ever I saw; seven chambers together, hanged with cloth of Arras wrought with gold as thick as could be; and as for three beds of state, no king christened can show such three."

"This is as far as I can show you of this day, and when I can know more, ye shall have knowledge."

From Windsor this Saturday at five of the clock. By Yours,

WINDSOR, WILLIAM MAKEFYL.
Saturday, 17th January,
1505-6. 21 H. vii.

[This curious Letter, describing a state procession, requires a short historical introduction.]

"Isabella, the wife of Ferdinand, the first King of all Spain, dying in 1504, the kingdoms of Castile and Leon came by succession to Johanna, their daughter, married to Philip, Arch-Duke of Austria, Governor of the Netherlands. In January, 1505-6, Philip and Johanna set out on their voyage in order to proceed to Spain, to take possession of those kingdoms, which Ferdinand still continued to go vern as administrator to his late queen."

"A violent storm arising during their pas-

sage through the English Channel, they were forced into Weymouth, where, overcome with fatigue, they landed.

"News of their arrival having been immediately conveyed to the King of England, Philip found he would not be permitted to re-embark till his pleasure was known. Henry instantly dispatched the Earl of Arundel to congratulate the king and queen, and to assure them of his good will, and that he would come without delay and embrace them.

"The King of Castile wishing to make his undesigned visit here as short as possible, thought to gain time by coming to Henry; he therefore proceeded towards Windsor; the royal meeting near which place is here described in the most accurate manner.

"The behaviour and address of the two monarchs; the striking superiority claimed by Henry in every the minutest article, with their dress, and that of their several attendants; the caparisons of their horses, &c. are here so particularly delineated, that an ingenious painter might from this sketch easily form a most accurate picture of the whole proceeding.

"During the time that these royal personages remained here, Henry concluded several treaties with them for his own and his kingdom's advantage. He likewise claimed the delivery of Edmund de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, son of Elizabeth, the sister of Edward IV. and Richard III., who had put himself under this king's protection. This was obtained like wise upon condition that his life should be safe. The duke returned, and was committed a prisoner to the Tower, where he continued till 1513, when Henry VIII. ordered him to be beheaded, his greatest crime being his nearness to the crown.

"Henry detained his royal guests here between three and four months, during which time Philip was personally installed a Knight of the Garter."

In conclusion we have to state, that the Antiquities broached in this work are as interesting for the antiquarian* as its pictures of manners are for the general reader. There are curious portraits of Henry VI., Richard III., and Margaret Duchess of Burgundy; and many seals, fac-similes of autographs, and other matters worthy of preservation.

Lady Fenn, the wife of the representative of the family and projector of the work, was the original Mrs. Teachwell, Mrs. Love-child, &c. to whom the young generation of her day owed so much, and whose example in publishing books for children has since been followed so greatly to the advantage of the present race.

* The word *suasted* occurs in one letter—"a suasted gentleman," p. 68. What is suasted?—Ed.

SICILY AND ITS ISLANDS.*

In our last *Gazette* we spoke of this publication in terms of praise suited to its merits, and gave such extracts as we thought would justify our opinion. It is not in our power to exemplify it so fully as we wish during this busy period of the publishing year; but we should ill satisfy our feeling regarding it did we not add a second Paper to our first incomplete sketch. Still adhering to the chapters which take the general view of Sicily, we find it stated among its natural productions, that

"Manna is extracted from the *fraxinus brava*, a species of ash tree, of moderate height and pleasing appearance, which suc-

* By Captain Smyth, R.N. 4to. J. Murray.

ceeds best when exposed to northerly breezes; the greatest produce, therefore, is in the neighbourhood of Castellamare, Carini, Cefalù, and Caronia, where it yields an annual revenue of upwards of forty thousand pounds sterling. In July and August, horizontal incisions are made in the bark, from whence a frothy, glutinous, light-coloured liquor exudes, and is received on the leaves of the dry prickly-pear, where, by the warmth of the sun, it quickly condenses into a stalactitic mass; this is of the finest quality, and is carefully taken to the stores in baskets, and then packed in boxes for exportation. From the same tree, a higher-coloured manna is extracted, which, though more cathartic, is heavier and less valuable. A decoction of the wood of the *fraxinus ornus* is esteemed efficacious for the dropsy, and some other disorders, on account of its peculiarly aperient qualities.

"Besides the riches of her mineral and vegetable products, Sicily boasts the finest fisheries in the Mediterranean Sea.---There is a destructive method of fishing practised, called the *Bilancella*, in which two latine-rigged vessels, with a fresh breeze, drag an immense net by means of hawsers, which draws in every thing in its course.

"A very large species of dog-fish is taken in the same Straits, [Messina] which from its appearance, and many of its habits, I should consider to be the same with the innoxious *squalus maximus* of Tropical Seas; but that, either from this or some other species, accidents to swimmers occasionally occur. Some of these monsters are at least twenty feet in length, and, among those that have been taken, some have weighed upwards of twenty hundred weight, though the greater part are small. It is curious that they make their appearance about the same time with the cicarello, a small and delicate fish, not unlike the white-hait of the Thames.

"The *clupea encrasiolus*, or anchovy, is taken in shallow water, during the months of March, April, and May, by means of nets ten or twelve feet wide, and very long. The curing occupies about a month. The fish are first thrown into brine to give the salters time to nip off their heads with the thumb and finger, and pack them regularly with alternate layers of salt in the barrels designed for their exportation, which generally contain about two hundred and fifty pounds each. When the cask is filled, a round board somewhat smaller than the head-piece is placed over the whole, and loaded with stones, by which the contents are sufficiently compressed in a few days to allow of the casks being properly coopered for exportation."

From their supplies we may turn to the diet of the Sicilians. In this they are generally temperate, though there are many exceptions; and when an entertainment is given, the guests are expected to taste of all the dishes, which are, therefore, successively handed round by the servants, after having been carved; the old adage of *Siculus coquus et Sicula mensa*, is still applicable. At the feasts of the great, the head of the table is opposite the door where the servants enter, and is appropriated to the most honoured of the company, while the dependants are ranged at the opposite end, around the family chaplain, who is, too often, the butt of the party. The meal commences with soup, which is followed by *maccaroni*, vegetables variously dressed, and shell-fish, called *frutti di mare*. The table, during the changes, remains gar-

nished with small plates of raw ham, anchovies, olives, and fresh figs, and melon when in season; then come *bouilli*, huge fish, made dishes, roast meats, salad, luscious pastries, and lastly, fruit and coffee. Wine is plentifully drunk during the repast, sometimes accompanied with *brindisi*, a kind of toast, expressed in an extemporaneous complimentary couplet, ending with, and rhyming, either to the name of the guest or that of the host, and latterly, the English custom of pledging has been frequently adopted. When the dessert is finished, every one rises with the ladies, a measure that contributes greatly to prevent excess. From the jealousy of their government, they are deprived of that fertile topic of conversation, political discussion.—The habit of pilfering at entertainments is a singular meanness derived from the Romans, and still in full practice, as is also that of placing good wine at the upper end of a table, and bad or indifferent among the dependants. The rage to excel in the size of fish for their grand entertainments yet exists, and I have seen the late Prince of Butera, than whom nobody better understood good cheer, place a whole tunny, garnished round with mullet, like a leviathan, in the centre of his festive board.

"Besides the usual fare, snails, ink-fish, frogs, hawks, jackdaws, and small birds of every kind, are eaten; but *maccaroni*, with cheese grated over it, is the standard and favourite dish of all classes; and there are not a few, even of their public characters, renowned for their prowess in its attack; a kind of honour corresponding to that enjoyed by our five and six bottle men. Their bread is very fine, and of good quality, with the sweetish seeds of the *gingiolina*, an indigenous Sicilian plant, strewed over it. They eat a greater quantity of salads, fruit, pulse, and other vegetables, than, perhaps, would be wholesome, were they not qualified by numerous culinary ingredients, among which cinnamon and other spices, sugar, oil, and garlic, form a prominent feature.

"The usual drinks are light wines, lemonade, and orgeat; beer and tea they are strangers to, except medicinally. Iced creams are a favourite luxury, with which they daily regale themselves, besides drinkingiced water at their meals, sometimes corrected by a few drops of *zambù*, a spirit distilled from aniseed."

The drama, like the literature, of Sicily has fallen into decline, and love airs in opera are its only substitutes which obtain popular favour. And even as it regards these, attention, after the first night of a performance, is not a trait of the character of the Sicilian amateurs, as they make the theatre a rendezvous, where they receive and pay visits, take coffee and ices, and even play at cards.

"The theatres being illuminated only on great festivals; there prevails in general a sombre effect; the more so, because the boxes being all private, those only who choose, light up one or two candles, which are placed at the back of the box, so as to throw light only on the occupiers of it, tending very little to improve the general effect. There are no galleries for the reception of the lower orders, nor have they permission to enter the pit, though the back of it is often crowded with the servants of those in the boxes. Detachments of soldiers attend in all the theatres, and sentinels are placed not only on the stage, but in various parts of the house. Even private families apply for sentinels, when they

give large entertainments; in short, the police being very deficient, the aid of the military is resorted to on all occasions.

"The pleasing operas of Metastasio, set to music by Cimarosa and Paisiello, and the comedies, or rather farces, of Chiari, Algarotti, and the prolific Goldoni, as well as translations from Kotzebue, are sometimes performed; but the most popular pieces, besides frequent improper allusions, spoil the actors for written performances, by admitting of a great deal of extempore amplification and latitude in language. In the class of comic actors, resembling the attellane or mimes of the ancients, a Sicilian, called Lapanio, who has a small summer theatre at Palermo, eclipses all competitors; and in the happiest vein of humour, lashes the singularities of his countrymen, in their truly Doric dialect, to crowded audiences, in whom even his significant looks alone are sufficient to excite peals of laughter.

"The actors in general are better adapted for peculiar imitations of manner, than lofty conceptions of character: nothing more, however, can reasonably be expected, as there is little encouragement given to the profession; and at their benefits, they are obliged to submit to the degrading habit of going round, and presenting a plate to each of the spectators, to receive their contributions. The singers are usually more liberally rewarded, and next to them, the first dancers, or 'prima ballarini,' whose efforts are seldom pleasing; for though the false taste that reigns even in the larger theatres of Europe with regard to ballets, has made many proselytes, it will be readily conceived that poor, and in many respects caricatured, imitations, are not to be endured. Burlettas, and burlesque dances, though nonsensical, vulgar, and obscene, not only delight the citizens, but those also of the higher ranks; and I have observed many of their most exalted characters in ecstasies at the vulgar indecencies of buffoons."

Capt. Smyth, under the head of *Analogies*, goes into a curious illustration of the coincidences between the ancient pagan mysteries and the existing Roman Catholic polytheism. These singularly confirm Mr. Blunt's observations (see *Literary Gazette*, Nos. 311, 312, for Review of that gentleman's "Vestiges," &c.) and throw additional light on that very interesting subject. "It is (says Capt. S.) a glaring fact, that the two first commands of the Divine Decalogue are virtually rejected by the Roman Catholics, for several Pagan heroes have been canonized, and statues of heathen gods are daily adored as saints under other names, with the reputation of working miracles. The numerous images and pictures of the Virgin and Child appear but substitutes for those of Venus and Cupid; and what is yet more strange, many paintings represent the former standing on a crescent, the peculiar emblem of chastity among the heathens.

"The idolatrous worship of the Virgin has almost superseded that of the Almighty himself, and greater reliance is placed on her mediation than on any other. Indeed, according to the monstrous legends of the priests, it would appear that, by her courteous attendance to the meanest of her votaries, she is fully entitled to their gratitude. Among other absurdities, she is publicly represented, in sculpture, in Palermo, leaning on the clouds, and squeezing milk from her breasts into the gaping mouth of St. Allan, who is on his knees below to receive it. . .

"The Martinella is a palpable substitute for the lesser Dionysia, by which St. Martin has succeeded to the devotion heretofore lavished on the jolly Bacchus.

"In the worship of bones, and the kissing of relics, a kind of parallel may be found among the savages of North America; but, in their adoration of the Host, I believe the Roman Catholics are quite unique, and have thereby inspired the Turks with their contemptible idea of—'those dogs who make a god and eat him'—a species of superstition that Cicero had long before pronounced men incapable of committing. . .

"Friday is still the 'dies infestus,' and except the ominous thirteen at table, a preference remains for odd numbers, on the principle that these which are even, being reducible to equal portions, are symbols of division."

But "it is not, in religious observances alone, that these striking analogies are to be traced, for the modern, like the ancient Sicilians, are nervously apprehensive of the 'scanto,' or sudden impression of horror, disgust, or terror; and they are careful to utter an ejaculation on hearing a person sneeze. They have still their days of chalk and charcoal, of good and bad fortune; and they bear so strong an antipathy to persons possessing what is called the evil eye, that they provide amulets against them, not only for themselves, but also for their animals. The aversion to celebrate marriages, or christenings, or to enter into contracts during the inauspicious month of May, still exists; as does the custom of strewing flour or ashes at the threshold of their friend or foe on New Year's Eve. The right eye palpitating, denotes good fortune, as of yore; the spilling of salt, or placing a loaf bottom upwards, are deemed sacrilegious. Relics of objects struck by lightning, are valued as preservatives from similar events, and carefully preserved."

Capt. Smyth's details respecting the coasts, and the smaller islands, convey more original information than we have recently met with in any volume of Travels in this part of the world. His account of the volcanic Stromboli is particularly interesting. Superstition "is not idle with respect to this wonderful abyss, and even Pope Gregory I. seriously believed it to be the abode of the damned! Here Theodoric, the great Ostrogoth, despite of his virtues, was plunged by the ministers of divine vengeance on earth; while William the Bad, of Sicily, and poor Henry VIII., of England, have both been detected endeavouring to make their escape from this fiery caldron. An eminent contractor of biscuit for the supply of the British Navy, is supposed, among English sailors, to be in durance there; and by a remarkable trial at Doctors' Commons, about seventy or eighty years ago, the judge in his decision, seemed to acquiesce in the opinion of his being consigned to its domains."

* The following remarkable anecdote, relating to the Wreck of the Athenienne, is told, where the author mentions the Esquiquies, or Skerki.—Sir S. Smyth "had expected some important despatches from England by the Athenienne; and when he was awakened in the night, at Palermo, with an account of the disaster, he did not altogether give up hopes, but that, as the ship sunk immediately, and the wind continued fresh from the westward, many of the lighter packages would be floated out of the cabin and washed ashore. He therefore sent a party to watch the beach of the western coast, when one of his patrolles observing a heap of sand, which appeared to have been lately buried, concluded that some articles had been hastily buried there by a previous finder, and, raising about, found the identical despatches, with letters and other papers, in a small case."

for ever. The culprit was a Mr. B.—; I have forgotten the name, but I can never lose the remembrance of the effect that reading this trial from the Naval Chronicle had on a naval audience, while passing the Island."

We are sorry that we cannot exemplify this portion of the work as we wish; but our limited space confines us to one extract more on the island of Lampedusa.

"At a little distance from the Cala Croce, up a ravine, in some degree picturesque, is the residence of a celebrated reclus; and the grotto is divided, partly into a Catholic chapel, and partly into a Mahometan mosque. This being at about twenty minutes walk from the harbour, the old gentleman had always sufficient time to reconnoitre vessels that anchored, and according to the flag displayed, lighted up for the cross, or the crescent; whence the proverb of 'the hermit of Lampedusa.' The Turks, even when by death or accident, they found no inhabitant, always left a present behind them, under the idea, that without such a form, they would be unable to quit the place; but Coronelli shall himself relate this instance of superstition. . . Even writers worthy of confidence assert, that no one can reside in this island, on account of the phantasms, spectres, and horrible visions, that appear in the night; repose and quiet being banished by the formidable apparitions and frightful dreams that fatally afflict with death-like terrors, whoever does remain there as much as one night. The Turks are governed by a ridiculous superstitious idea, which is, that no one would be able to go out of the island, who did not leave something there, or who had the hardihood to take away the merest trifle. But the pure faith of the Knights of Malta is not so light and vain, for they annually go thither with their galleys, and, collecting the offerings made to the forementioned church, take them over to Malta; and there apply them to the support of the Hospital for the Infirm."

"I had observed such numbers of Troglodytic caves, that I was anxious to explore some of them; and when I was examining the eastern bay of the harbour, I was just entering a small grotto at the place marked on the plan in the atlas, when I was startled by seeing indented in deep characters the following warning:—

QUI RITROVARI CADAVERE
MORTO DI PESTE IN GIUGNO, 1764."

A valuable Appendix closes the volume.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Jan. 6, 1824.

Madame la Duchesse de Duras, the daughter of the Comte de Kersaint, a man distinguished for his talents, and who terminated his life on the scaffold during the Revolution, has just printed, under the veil of an *anonyme*, a Romance entitled *Ourika*. The work is not sold, and only a few copies have been circulated among private friends. It is full of grace and charm, independent of the interest of the tale. Ourika is a young negress, brought to France from Senegal at the age of two years. Brought up by Madame de B.—, she was treated as a daughter, and received an education which awakened ideas and sentiments above her situation. To the age of fifteen, Ourika displayed an amiableness of temper which made her beloved of all that knew her; but her happiness was early destroyed, and that for ever. She learned that her colour had fixed on her the

reprobation of the society in which she was destined to live; that she should never be loved nor be united in the ties of domestic life, but remain insulated and despised. Hence she became wretched, and deplored the day that had separated her from her native soil. Madame de B— had a son (Charles,) who was educated with Ourika, whom he loved as a sister. Alas! Ourika felt for him an affection yet more tender; while he had given his heart to the young Anais de Théménès. It is to Ourika that he confides the secret of his love and of his hopes; and the poor negress continues to endure till Charles is united to his beloved. Devoured by grief and chagrin, the more bitter as it was entirely concealed, she then throws herself into a convent; in spite of the entreaties of Madame de B— she takes the vows, and shortly after dies the victim of her situation and her love. Such is the brief analysis of the Romance. The style, the development, the reflections, are very superior; and it is hoped that the Duchess will yield to the solicitations of her friends, and contribute, by the publication of her work, to the gratification of the public.

The new Romance of Sir Walter Scott does not answer the expectations that were entertained. His works cannot be more popular in England than they are here; and it is therefore a real disappointment to the readers of the class that looks with interest for the appearance of new Romances, that the *Eaux de Saintes Romanes* are so much inferior to his former productions. We think, on the other hand, that your Romance readers will be highly gratified by the *Don Alonzo* of M. Salandy. The author resided a long time in Spain. He gives the portraits of persons who have been distinguished in that country during the last twenty-five years. His anecdotes are drawn from authentic sources, and the scenes and descriptions are as exact as they are interesting.

Your Monsieur le Chevalier Wilmot, said to be one of the richest *seigneurs Anglais* now at Paris, gave the other day a new magnificent ball. From midnight till five in the morning the *Place Vendôme* was crowded with equipages going to and coming from the *Hôtel de Londres*,—princes, ministers, ambassadors, and secretaries, were without number,—there were only wanting the green cloth and the inkstands to have made of the ball a Congress; but a delightful orchestra, ices, and exquisite *gateaux*, alone occupied in that eventful night the whole European diplomacy. Many persons declared that they wished they had been long, and might long remain occupied with similar delights. *Le partage des petits gateaux*, it was declared over and over again, was far better than some other kinds of *parage* to which the same circles had of late years been much devoted. For this one night gained to Europe, ten thousand thanks be offered to M. le Chevalier Wilmot, the rich *seigneur Anglais* and his cakes.

The destitution of M. Lefebvre Gireau is really an event affecting literature and science. He is not only an old member of the *Institut*, but one of our most able and profound natural philosophers. He has greatly contributed to all our practical ameliorations that have benefited science and the country; and during 38 years has filled with honour the chair of Professor of Philosophy, or *Physique*, in the *Collège de France*. The cause of such an event aggravates the regret it occasions—*parbleu!* because M. Lefebvre Gireau is a *membre du côté gauche*,—France and sci-

ence are to lose one of the most respectable professors that either have produced. How can we hope to make advances in true philosophy and sound literature, when political factions thus dispose of the talents and labours of all those who are occupied in their progress?

The Arts are also likely to sustain a loss by the death of M. Gericault, one of our most eminent painters, and celebrated for his success in painting animals, and especially horses. For several months he has been afflicted by an incurable and agonizing disease, and all the faculty despair of his life.

We are looking forward to the publication of M. B. Constant's work on Religion with an interest approaching to anxiety—it is literally what we call an *événement*. He has undoubtedly very superior talents, and is exceedingly popular with the young men. Should he oppose the sophisms and infidelity of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, and advocate the truth of revelation and christianity, he will do more to reclaim this country from scepticism than all the regiments of priests and missionaries that are formed and forming—Should he maintain the fundamental truths and facts of revelation, though he should adopt and recommend many erroneous sentiments, still a great deal will be gained, and the revelation that he recommends will destroy the errors he may associate with it.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

— — — — — Thus winter falls,
A heavy gloom, oppressive o'er the world,
Through nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.—Thomson.

WINTER is, undoubtedly, that season of the year in which the human frame is most susceptible of disease; and the colder the weather is, the more prevalent and the more severe do we find to be the diseases peculiar to that season; for no old saw is founded on more erroneous observations, than that which asserts, that "A green yule makes a rich churchyard." The mild weather which has characterized the portion of the present Winter that is passed, has been extremely favourable to health; and, with the exception of rheumatism, and an epidemic catarrh or influenza which has pretty generally prevailed in the metropolis, the diseases which have occurred, have arisen more from accidental causes than from the natural circumstances connected with the season.

Rheumatism, like ague, appears to be the result of some specific effect of moisture on the skin: the action of the cutaneous exhalents is checked, and that portion of the blood which is required to be carried off by spontaneous or insensible perspiration, being retained, and a congestion of the blood on the internal organs, the brain, liver, lungs, and other viscera, also taking place, a fever is begun and carried on in successive paroxysms, accompanied with acute inflammation in the larger joints. We should be sorry to awaken feelings of quackery in our readers; and therefore we do not mean to point out, for their application, any medical treatment for the relief of this painful affection, but to advise them to obtain early good medical advice, and to follow it rigidly; for no disease is so likely to fix itself upon the constitution as rheumatism, if neglected in the first instance. We may go so far, however, with respect to remedies, as to say, that the most

successful practice is that which has for its object to allay pain by proper combinations of calomel, tartar emetic and opium, and to clear away the redundant secretion of bile, which always accompanies acute rheumatism, by the most active purgatives, especially those in which wine of colchicum forms an ingredient. There are many reasons against the application of embrocations and external remedies, which tend only to make the inflammation shift its situation; and, in such translations of diseased action, some of the vital organs, as, for example, the brain, the heart, and the stomach, are as likely to be affected as the limbs, or other less important parts of the body. The cure of rheumatism, also, is much facilitated by means which are altogether under the control of the patient. Thus, an individual, of a temper of mind not easily ruffled, who can bear pain patiently—who can conform to deprivations in respect of diet, live on vegetable and farinaceous food, and drink only toast-water or rennet whey—who can bear to sleep on a mattress, instead of a feather or a down bed—and who will be careful to avoid currents of air, sudden alterations of temperature and overheated rooms, has a much better chance of being quickly and effectually cured of rheumatism, than another person of opposite habits. But, although we would leave the care of the disease to the doctor, yet we think we shall not be accused of proceeding *ultra crepidam*, if we give our readers a hint or two how to ward off its future attacks, and thereby be able to jog on without his aid. To effect this, the insensible perspiration and due action of the skin should be maintained by flannel worn next the body, over which, however, the other parts of the dress should be light; every excess in diet and the use of wine, should be avoided; regular exercise on foot, or on horseback, should be taken; and the vigour and tone of the body restored and preserved by the daily use of the shower bath, which may almost be regarded as an infallible prophylactic or preventive of acute rheumatism.

The epidemic catarrh, which we have said has prevailed, has been in some instances accompanied with much fever; and has even required the use of the lancet and lowering remedies; but in other cases a few doses of salts, with a grain of Ipecacuanha and a teaspoonful of Paregoric, in a cupful of barley-water, occasionally repeated, have been sufficient to combat the attack. One of the most distressing of the symptoms of this and other catarrhs, is a violent pain across the forehead, owing to the inflammation of the lining membrane of the nostrils extending to that of the sinus or cavity which is seated over the nose and eyes: and to relieve this, we can confidently recommend the sponging the nose and forehead with hot water, at the same time that the feet are placed in water as warm as can be borne by the patient, before he goes to bed.

Nothing contributes so much to produce catarrhal complaints, or colds, as they are improperly termed, as the entering overheated rooms when the body is chilled; or when a person has been exercising in a frosty atmosphere, or during the prevalence of north or north-east winds. In this case, the body is more than usually susceptible of the impression of stimuli, and, therefore, a supply of heat, which, under a different state of the habit, would produce no prejudicial effect, is apt to excite inflammation and fever. As the

weather is now getting colder, this hint may save some lives, and certainly many fees.

Besides the natural effects of the season on the human frame, Christmas and the merry days of the infant year bring in their train numerous ministers of disease. The mince-pie, the plum-pudding, and the wasel-bowl, carry poison in their sweets to the votary of good cheer, and oil the wheels of the Doctor's carriage. We know not why mankind have so long consented to surrender their reason, in nurturing the body, to the cook, the confectioner, and the vintner. We have read, in the pages of a celebrated scientific oracle of the kitchen, that the greatest felicity of life is experienced in tickling an oyster to death. It may be so; but, for our parts, we know of no mortal felicity unconnected with good health; and if, in contributing to the amusement of our readers, we can also preserve the ruddy glow on the open, manly faces of our countrymen, and keep the rose from fading on the cheek of those of our fair sisters who deign to glance over our pages, by the few practical hints for the preservation of health which we mean monthly to throw into a spare corner of our *Gazette*, we will look for no better fee than the thanks of the one, and a fascinating smile of approbation from the health-beaming countenances of the other.

THE COMET.

We have not yet had any precise and scientific observations made on the new Comet; and cannot therefore satisfy U. A. A paragraph from his letter will, however, probably excite attention, and, at any rate, be pleasing to the curious in astronomy, for whom we copy it:—

"Its appearances this morning (Tuesday,) from five to half past six, were peculiarly interesting; its nucleus presenting sudden changes, at one period scarcely distinguishable, and when brightest, nearly equal to the planet Mars in brilliancy. Its periodical variation is about fifteen seconds. These phenomena can scarcely be traced to the effect of our atmosphere."

LEARNED SOCIETIES, ETC.

INTERESTING LITERARY DISCOVERY.

The following brief notice of a circumstance highly interesting to the world of literature has just been communicated to us. A Latin ms., undoubtedly by Milton, long supposed to be irrecoverably lost, has just been discovered at the State Paper Office. The subject is religious, and the arguments are all drawn from the Scriptures. There are many Hebrew quotations, and the work is one of considerable bulk, as it contains 735 pages, many of them closely written, and believed to be in the handwriting of the Poet's nephew, Phillips, with many interlineations in a different hand. It was found in an envelop addressed to Cyriac Skinner, Merchant. The situation which Milton held, of Latin Secretary to Cromwell, will account for such a discovery being made in the State Paper Office. Mr. Todd and other savans (among them our informant) have seen it; and in this case seeing is believing.

OXFORD, Jan. 10.—Congregations will be held for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees, on Wednesday Jan. 14, Thursday 22, Saturday 31, Wednesday Feb. 11, Thursday 19, Saturday 28, Tuesday March 2, (solely for pre-

senting lists of determining Bachelors,) Thursday 11, Friday 19, Thursday 30, and Saturday April 10.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 16.—At a Congregation yesterday, the Degree of Honorary Master of Arts was conferred on Sir Robert Gifford, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

In conformity with the regulations passed by the Senate, March 13, 1822, notice has been given that the following will be the Subjects of Examination in the last week of the Lent Term 1825:—1. The Acts of the Apostles.—2. Paley's Evidences of Christianity.—3. The 1st and 2d Books of the Odyssey.—4. The 21st Book of Livy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS BY L. E. L.

Third Series.

Gleanings of poetry,—if I may give
That name of beauty, passion, and of grace,
To the wild thoughts that in a starlit hour,
In a pale twilight, or a rose-bud morn,
Glance o'er my spirit,—thoughts that are like light,
Or love, or hope, in their effects.

THE FORSAKEN.

Oh cast that shadow from thy brow,
My dark-eyed love! be glad awhile:
Has Leila's song no music now?
Is there no charm in Leila's smile?
There are young roses in my hair,
And morn and spring are on their bloom;
Yet you have breathed their fragrant air
As some cold vapour from the tomb.

There stands the vase of crystal light,
Veined with the red wine's crimson stains,—
Has the grape lost its spell to-night?
For there the cup untouched remains.

I took my lute for one sad song,
I sang it, tho' my heart was wrung,—
The sweet sad notes we've loved so long;
Yet heard you not, tho' Leila sung.

I press'd my pale pale cheek to thine,—
Tho' it was wet with many tears,
No pressure came, to answer mine,
No murmur breathed, to soothe my fears.
Ah, silent still? then know I all
My fate! And must we part at last?
In mercy, gentle Heaven, recall
Only the memory of the past!

Never yet did the first June flower
Bare purer bosom to the bee,
Than that which yielded to Love's power,
And gave its sweetest wealth to thee.

'Twas a new life: the earth, the sky,
Seemed to grow fairer for thy sake;
But this is gone,—oh destiny,
My heart is withered, bid it break!

My garden will lie desolate,
My flowers will die, my birds will pine;
All I once loved I now shall hate,
With thee changed every thing of mine.

Oh speak not now, it mocks my heart,
How can hope live when love is o'er?
I only feel that we must part,
I only know—we meet no more!

INDIAN SONG.

Founded on a romantic species of Disunion
practised by Indian Maidens.

To the moonlit waters of the lake
My little bark I gave,
And gentle as the jasmine's sigh
Was the wind that swept the wave.

I chose the night from many a one,
It was so very fair;
Scarcely the cocoa's light green plumes
Waved on the languid air.

Last year, beneath the summer moon,
I planted a young rose,
I watered it at the sunrise,
And at the evening's close.

I only let one single flower
Amid the boughs abide,
Soon as they came I culled the heads
Of every bud beside.

I shaded it from the hot noon,
And from the midnight dew,
And fresh, and red, and beautiful,
My lonely rosebud grew.

This morning it was in its prime,
And then my bark I made
Of the green fragrant grass that grows
In the banana's shade.

I made a taper of white wax
From my own hive, whose bees
Had fed but upon hyacinth bells
And on young myrtle trees.

And in the bark that taper stood,
Hung with a wreath of green,
And in the midst my lovely rose
Sat like a fairy queen.

I threw rich spice and scented oils
Around the lighted flame,
And gave it to the stream, and called
Upon Camdeo's name.

My cheek blushed warm, my heart beat high,
The bark moved slowly on;
There breath'd no wind, there moved no wave,
Yet like a thought 'twas gone.

Alas, my bark! Alas, my rose!
Yet what could I expect?
I sent them on a voyage of love,
And when was love not wreck'd?—L. E. L.

STANZAS.—HE NEVER SMIL'D AGAIN.

— "Henry I. (after the loss of Prince William) entertained hopes, for three days, that his son had put into some distant port of England; but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him, he fainted away; and it was remarked, that he never afterwards was seen to smile, nor ever recovered his wonted cheerfulness."—*Humor.*

The bark that held a Prince went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a Son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain!
Why comes not Death to those that mourn?
—He never smil'd again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him pass'd the young and fair
In Pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair,
He never smil'd again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crown'd
Amidst the knightly ring.
A murmur of the restless deep
Seem'd bleat with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smil'd again!

Hearts, in that time, clos'd o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board.
Graves which true love had wash'd with tears
Were left to Heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smil'd again! F.

THE PEACEFUL VALLEY.

How hallow'd and still is this lonely spot,
With these lofty trees its shade surrounding,
And many a cave and moss-grown grot
In the vaulted rocks its shelter bounding.

Here often with careless foot I stray,
When the tranquil summer-eve is closing,
And watch the light of the Sun's last ray,
On the calm blue depth of the lake reposing.

No whisper the breathless silence breaks,
But the turtle-dove ever her moan repeating;
Or her mate, as his homeward flight he takes,
The air with his downy plume beating.
And still as in cadence wild and deep
Her gentle tones on the breeze are swelling,
Pale Echo starts from her tranced sleep,
And sings it again in her lonely dwelling.
There are hearts as dark as the shady grove,
Alike by pleasure and hope forsaken;
With thoughts as sad as the Turtle's wail,
Fond Memory's echoing notes to waken.
Dec. 1823. FATHER FRANCIS.

SONG.
The life of an { Author } is worse than a Slave's;
Close study has brought many men to their graves;
For the good of mankind they employ ev'ry hour,
Oft despised by the world, and call'd envious and sour.
Philosophy—Astronomy,
Botany—Conchology,
Syntax—Etymology,
Surgery—Tautology,
Optics—Demonology,
Anatomy—Pathology,
Geography—Chronology,
History—Mythology,
Drawing—Physiology,
Electricity—Doxology,
Algebra—Vermiology,
Arithmetic—Apology,—

Oh the life of an { Author } is worse than a Slave's.
Editor

Their heads must be cramm'd like a booth in a fair,
And, like barbers, must suit ev'ry man to a hair;
And when, which is frequent, involv'd in dispute,
They must flourish away, their foe to confute.

Dithyrambics—And lambics,
Trigonometry—Geometry,
Perspective—Invective,
Any weight—From pennyweight,
Physic—Lecture—Architecture,
Cosmography—Biography,
Mechanism—Cause of schism,
Hydrostatics—Mathematics,
Mensuration—Navigation,
Criticism—Witticism,—

Oh the life of an { Author } is worse than a Slave's.
Editor

BOTHREM QUOTEM.

* Another reading, Moe Pericula.—Ed.

FINE ARTS.

THE KING.

Few portraits have had such a run of popularity as that of His Majesty, published by Mr. Sams. If not zealous, he might have been contented with its great success; but animated by a more commendable spirit, he has only been encouraged to excel his first work, by the publication of a second and superior likeness. Wivell's drawing has been re-touched by Lupton, and one of the most striking heads of the King produced which has yet been offered to the public. It can only be surpassed, indeed, by something in a higher class of art,—some line engraving, for instance. In the mean time, it is well calculated to gratify the tastes of His Majesty's loving subjects, and adorn either the mansion or the cottage.

TAM O' SHANTER. Painted and Engraved by J. Burnett. Hurst, Robinson, & Co. This masterly Engraving is the first plate of a series intended to illustrate the poet Burns; and it is a most prosperous commencement. The style of its execution is very forcible; and the light and shadow contrasted in a manner almost Rembrandtish. The Souther is telling the landlord a merry story on one hand, while the hero of the tale, honest Tam,

is sweetly gracious with the hostess on the other. The accessories are excellent; a dog roused half up by the landlord's chorus laugh, to listen also, is a good incident; and a party drinking in the darkened distance on the right, is delightfully touched into effect. Of the four principal figures, Tam and the Landlord are the best: the former is full of character, jocund, careless, and amorous; and his dress becomes him well, from the worsted hose to the open neckcloth and easy bonnet: the latter is equally capital in expression. The Souther appears to us to be too grave for a queer story—one would rather imagine he was telling of ghost or murder. The head, too, seems borrowed from Wilkie. The merry hostess lacks a little of intelligence;—she is all hilarity, whereas the tale requires some mischief in her look. But altogether, as we have already said, this picture affords promise of a charming collection, and we trust Mr. Burnett will exercise his genius to the utmost upon subjects which offer such abundant means for the highest achievements in art.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A COCKNEY SQUIRE.*

SIR,—I have often heard it remarked, that the recollections of a long life would furnish incidents as singular as any recorded in the annals of fiction, and delineations of character as grotesque and absurd as any which can be produced on the stage in the broadest farce. My own experience very much inclines me to agree to this opinion; and while I was reading your analysis of Percy Mallory, the character of Sir Perebee de Lacy brought to my remembrance a person well known to me in my youth, and of whom I am strongly impelled to relate a few traits: After a lapse of forty years, and a more extensive knowledge of mankind, the character of this person still appears to me singular and amusing. He was the Squire of the parish in which I was born, and in which I passed my earliest and happiest years; a man of large fortune, which he had accumulated in trade. With this he purchased from a noble but decayed family a considerable estate, with a handsome mansion, and removed from St. Mary Axe to take possession of it, with a determined purpose not only to become a country gentleman, but a fine gentleman; a pattern of good breeding; the glass in which his neighbours might dress themselves. My father always attributed this last resolution to his having once passed an hour in company with Richardson, (an occurrence he was fond of relating,) at the time when "Sir Charles Grandison" was in his meridian of glory. In pursuance of this plan, his manners were punctilious to the last degree; he always bowed on the hand of every lady he addressed with the commonest civility; the whole world would not have bribed him to turn his back in going out of a room. I can laugh now at the wicked and eager hope with which my brother and I used to watch his exit from the fire-place to the door of his forty-five feet long saloon, and with what glee we anticipated that some unlucky chance would overthrow him in the progress of his backing and bowing. But those were not the days of foot-stools, ottomans, and work-tables; no elegant lumber littered his drawing-room, and

* We are indebted to an esteemed Correspondent for this portrait of a real Character, and of manners almost antiquated (though only forty years old,) with which we are enabled so pleasantly to vary our department of Sketches of Society.—Ed.

the experienced pilot always reached the port in safety. At the time I remember him, he was a little spare creature, hardly five feet high, very much resembling Falstaff's description of Justice Shallow; pinched in the waist like an hour-glass, and giving the idea of a dried wasp. Over this anatomy was stretched a skin exactly the colour of a walnut, the effect relieved by a jet-black wig curled above the ears and tied behind. On high days this was exchanged for a wig with a high-powdered toupée, a bushy frizure at the sides, and a bag. He generally wore a grass-green suit with a gold edging, and a little triangular cocked-hat under his arm. At his first outset as a rural economist his fame quickly spread; his agricultural experiments were only rivalled in absurdity by the schemes of the Laputan sages. Of these I only recollect two or three: the first, a plan for fattening pigs on cucumbers, which was soon relinquished. There was a very fine rookery at a farm close to his park-wall, which became the object of his envy. He sent for his bailiff, and told him he intended to keep rooks as well as his neighbours; the man informed him that this did not depend upon his will and pleasure, for though the trees near the mansion-house were lofty and well placed for a rookery, "yet somehow the birds had never seemed to fancy them." "That (replied the Squire) must be the fault of the late proprietor. I shall build a number of nests to save them the trouble, and you will see what flights will come, and how glad they will be to occupy them." In vain did the bailiff remonstrate; he was forced to procure the church ladder, and to the infinite amusement of the neighbourhood, was seen ascending the trees with a large basket of twigs, and constructing, as well as he could, about fifty nests. But the obstinate rooks were blind to the proffered advantage; they came, it is true, and flew round, cawing loudly, and rejoicing in the magazine of materials so bountifully provided near home; and ere a week was ended, were so basely ungrateful as to remove the whole piecemeal to repair the breaches made by the storms of winter in their old habitations, and to construct new ones. Baffled in this hope of establishing a colony, the "much enduring man" turned his thoughts into another channel, and sending again for the bailiff, informed him that he had resolved to keep bees. The man enquired how many stocks he would have purchased? and receiving a fierce reprimand for the extravagance of his proposal, was asked how he could be so thoughtless as to recommend a purchase of what might so easily be procured on the downs? He was ordered to hire ten women to go in quest of bees the next morning, and to prepare hives for receiving the captives. Early in the next day the detachment started for the downs, each furnished with a tin canister to contain the spoil; and after running about for hours, stinging the bees with blows from their straw hats, and encountering stings without number, secured about thirty prisoners, who were safely lodged in the hive; but, as has been the fate of many arduous campaigns, little advantage accrued from all this fatigue and danger. Next morning the Squire sallied forth to visit his new colony: as he approached, a loud humming assured him they were hard at work, when, to his infinite disappointment, it was found that the bees had all made their escape through a small hole in the hive, leaving behind them only an unfortunate humble bee,

whose bulk prevented his squeezing himself through the aperture, and whose loud complaints had been mistaken for the busy hum of industry.—I can perfectly recollect a carriage which this original built, and which he called his foxhunter: one side was hung on springs, and had a cushioned seat occupied by his lady; the opposite side was without springs, and instead of a seat had a small sort of wooden horse, on which was a saddle. On this he took his place, rising in the stirrups with great assiduity, and literally, according to the American phrase, *taking a ride* in his carriage.—There was no congeniality of spirit between my father and the Squire; but the former, who was one of the most candid and kind-hearted of men, was ever desirous of looking only to the best points of the character of his neighbour, and they lived on terms of considerable intimacy. Twice a year the whole of our family received an invitation to the grand dinners which were given to the neighbourhood, and happy were my brother and I that these stated banquets occurred during the Christmas and Midsummer holidays. How anxiously did we, on these occasions, look out for a gloomy day or a threatening cloud, for if there was the least apprehension of rain, the coach was sent for us, though the distance was not a quarter of a mile. This stately vehicle, as large as the city state coach, never left the coach-house without being drawn by four sleek black horses, with stump tails, such as are now only seen sometimes in teams of wagon-horses on the western roads: it would not have been becoming the Squire's dignity to have it moved by a pair. How we listened for its approach, and caught the sound as it rumbled and rolled heavily on in time to summon my mother to put on her white gloves, and take her fan in her hand, and a last peep in the looking-glass! How we stood dancing for joy at the door to watch the dexterous old coachman, in his yellow wig with its tobacco-pipe curls, his laced triangular hat, and his gorgeous livery, trotting into the gate, and whirling round the little sweep, skirting to an inch without damaging my mother's flower-borders, or overturning the pots of geraniums and carnations on each side the door-way! How joyfully we leaped into this ample carriage! What a mansion it seemed to us! How we stretched ourselves to our utmost height, as we drove along, that we might be seen as well as see through the large heavy plate glass windows which required my father's strong arm to draw up and let down! The only drawback to this delight was its short duration. Then the awful alighting at the half-door, where the Squire himself received us, first consecrating his hand with a kiss before he presented it to my mother to conduct her to the great saloon, and seat her in one of the high-backed and well-stuffed crimson damask chairs, which, with their gilt and ponderous feet protruding forwards, were placed in a large and imposing circle at due distance from the fire-place. Then the dinner itself! the impatience with which we watched for the removal of the stewed carp, the hamch of venison, and the hashed calves head! even the great silver cypresne, with all its glittering store of pendent baskets, filled with pickles of every sort and colour, hardly obtained a glance from us: it was not "savory meat which our souls loved;" our hearts were fixed, and our appetites prepared for the second course, for well we knew the joys in reserve. At the head of

the Squire's establishment was an old house-keeper, a tall portly matron, with dark hair combed over a cushion of a foot high, on the top of which was a fabric of lace, and muslin and ribbon, which would furnish materials for a dozen caps of moderate dimensions. Between this dignified female and the housekeeper of a neighbouring rich bachelor, the most active rivalry prevailed; our friend never went to London, an advantage her antagonist possessed, and by which she acquired many new modes of decorating a table; but these new-fangled triumphs (as they were called in the Squire's family) were counterbalanced by our friend's superior invention, and resource in her own powers, and by a certain mystical compound called a quaking pudding, so super-eminent in flavour as to be deemed unequalled. This receipt she declared she would not give to her own sister in her lifetime, but held out a hope of communicating it to my mother on her death-bed, in return for the benefit she conceived herself to have derived from my father's sermons. The results of this struggle for fame were such as would make the erudite Dr. Kitchener, the renowned Ude, and the more humble George Frederic Natt, hide their diminished heads. The glories of the second course, with such a stimulus, particularly when the rich bachelor was one of the party, can hardly be conceived in these degenerate days, when the profusion of sweets which used to deck the tables of our grand-sires, are no longer in fashion. How our eyes widened as the butler approached the table, tottering under the weight of the glass salver, loaded with a pile of jellies and whipt syllabubs,—the truffle emulating Mont Blanc in height and snowy whiteness, the hen's nest in flummery; the desert islands of curds and candy! the still more admirable floating island, with its barley-sugar temple, towards which two papier maché figures were proceeding, hand in hand, on a walk made of coloured comfits; in short, here were realized all Belvidera's wildest fancies, "Seas of milk and ships of amber." How we rejoiced in the success of the manoeuvres which had placed us at a distance from my mother's anxious eye, snugly sheltered by a good-natured, protuberant old lady, who always maintained that children could digest any thing and every thing, and who did all in her power to verify her theory by our practice; how dexterously we avoided seeing the warning finger held up; what a deaf ear we turned to the short hem which was uttered to call to our recollections the lessons of temperance which had been read to us in the morning; how little did we profit by them, and yet how often in the course of the evening did we tacitly acknowledge their wisdom. Of the Squire's lady I have a fainter recollection; but I remember to have heard, that when married to him she was very beautiful, and sacrificed by an avicious father before she was of an age to judge of what would constitute her happiness. She was possessed of considerable talents and a high spirit; and had she borne her faculties more meekly, would have been as much esteemed as she was admired; but she despised her little sordid husband, and was at no pains to conceal her contempt: this often produced scenes of a ludicrous kind, though not a little distressing to their guests. By her cool and cutting replies she would sometimes exasperate him to such a degree, that I have heard my mother relate to have seen him run behind her, and seizing the back of her chair, leap as high as her shoulder, uttering a suc-

cession of oaths, and in his storm of passion totally forgetting the Grundishian anality on which he usually plumed himself. To these ebullitions she would only say, "I wish, my dear, you would have a little more consideration for my employments; how is it possible that I can thread a needle while you are frisking behind me in this extraordinary manner." It may be supposed how much such a remonstrance would increase the energy of his Highland flings and the torrent of his oaths. In the latter years of his life, the harmony of our intercourse was somewhat interrupted by a project which the Squire put in action solely, I believe, to create some interest in his pursuits, having found that his agricultural experiments had ended in vanity and vexation of spirit. He built a methodist chapel in his house, and engaged the services of two or three preachers, who were received into his family and sat at his table. As they were men of the most ordinary description, and as he had ever a great share of saving knowledge, he never scrupled to demand their services on the week days to make hay, carry butter and poultry to market, fetch letters, and make them active in any department in which they could be rendered useful. He had a fine avenue of walnut-trees, and the crop being one year very large, he made his household saints gather, shell it, and convey it to the neighbouring town. The day after this dainty operation was finished, he took them to dine at a neighbouring nobleman's, with hands which, though not "an washen," were of negro blackness. These absurdities by degrees alienated the neighbourhood from him, and he removed to Hampstead, where he purchased a handsome house, and amused his evenings by attending to a club, the members of which met alternately at each other's houses. As age increased, he became more and more under the domination of his servants, and the old coachman disliking to take out the sleek blacks at night, he invented a shelter for himself in the form of a sentry-box, the frame very slight, covered with oiled paper, and having a little round glass window in front; it was furnished with handles on the inside, and thus protected from the sharp air of the hearth, he took his nightly round. But, like *Dedalus*, his invention proved fatal to him at last, for one windy night his machine was blown over, and ere the servant, who carried a lantern before him, could extricate him and set him on his legs, the force of his struggles and the power of the wind had rolled him into a pool of water by the road side; by this means he caught so severe a cold, and received so many bruises, that a fever ensued, from which he never recovered. The estate and mansion-house passed to a distant relation, who immediately disposed of it; and no vestige of my whimsical old neighbour remains but in the recollections which I have now submitted to your perusal.

L. P.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

A new Opera, called *Philandering*, or *the Rose Queen*, was presented to the public for the first time on Tuesday evening. The plot, as nearly as we can recollect, is as follows: Count Amaranth (Braham,) and his friend Philander (Liston,) are deeply in love and upon the eve of marriage with Matilda (Miss Forde,) and Emilie (Miss Stephens,) but fancying, from some little flirtations they have observed, that they are not quite

so constant to them as they ought to be, determine, as an experiment to try their faith, that each shall address himself to the other's mistress, and report to one another the reception they may meet with. This design, which is overheard by Anselmo (Mercer,) is detailed to the young Ladies, who, for the sake of tormenting their lovers, receive their addresses with an apparent degree of favour, and after a little entreaty, give up their respective portraits. The Count and his friend being now convinced that their mistresses are unfaithful, tear themselves away, and proceed to a village a few miles off, where the ceremony of choosing the Rose Queen from the most virtuous of its maidens is about to take place. Here, however, they both fall in love with Pauline (Madame Vestris,) a pretty villager, who pretends to favour them, and appoints a meeting with both, on the same evening, in her father's garden. Matilde and Emile, in the mean time, learning what has become of their admirers, follow them in the disguise of gipsies, and chancing to meet with Jerome (Dowton,) the father of Pauline, who is the Village Mayor, inform him that two wandering Troubadours are lurking about his house with the intention of carrying off his daughter; in consequence of which the old man watches them, and at the place of assignation seizes them and sends them to prison. After having been confined for some time, Philander makes his escape, and is proceeding to the Count's castle to fetch some of his retainers to his rescue, when he is met by his own and his friend's mistress, who come to the Mayor's house, explain every thing to his entire satisfaction, and the Piece concludes with the union of the lovers. There is also a sort of underplot, arising from Jerome and Pierre (Terry,) two peasants, who pursue different modes in the education of their daughters,—the one acting the indulgent father, the other the severe one. But it turns out that the result of both systems is the same,—the one having a lover, Blaise (Knight,) unknown to her father; and the other being privately married to Anselmo, equally without the knowledge of hers. Upon this foundation, a part of which is taken from *Jocunde* and the Ballet of the *Prise-Troubadour*, another part from a French piece called *Les deux Philiberts*, and another still from every Play and Farce we have ever seen or read,—the author, Mr. Beazley, has erected a superstructure to which he has been pleased to give the title of a Comic Opera. It will easily be perceived, however, that it has little or no pretensions to the name it has assumed, the characters being but slightly and imperfectly sketched, and the situations, with one or two exceptions only, any thing but comic. The light Comedies of the French School, indeed, from which our dramatic writers draw so largely, are very well as far as the extent of a single Act or a single Scene; but when their meagre plots and trifling incidents come to be stretched out into three long Acts, we cannot much marvel if an English audience who have been accustomed to something more substantial, and to a broader style of humour, should find them insipid, and turn from them either with indifference or contempt. *Philandering*, therefore, although it was heard patiently to the end, excited but little merriment, and contributed but little to our amusement. The music, from which, in consequence of its having been so much puffed, great expectations were formed, was, if we except those

Airs and concerted Pieces that were selected from Mozart and other Composers of eminence, as bad as it well could be; but bad as that was, it was quite good enough for the poetry it had to illustrate, which, of a truth, appears to be the most wretched doggerel ever put to paper. The acting, on the other hand, was excellent throughout. Braham, Miss Stephens, and Madame Vestris, were all in fine voice, and exerted themselves with a zeal that would have well become a better cause. Liston, although his sops are not generally his best parts, contrived to make himself tolerably amusing; whilst Dowton and Terry, in the two Old Men, were well contrasted to each other in appearance and address, and descended upon their favourite topic with characteristic energy; and Knight and Harley, the one as the jealous rustic, and the other as the village schoolmaster, were equally at home. Upon the fall of the curtain, which was not till after eleven o'clock, it was announced for repetition, but with some opposition: the contents, however, evidently prevailed. We subjoin the whole of a serious, and the better part of a comic Song, as specimens of the versification, assuring our readers that we have been impartial in the selection:

The sighing Swain who will deceive,
May plight his faith to Maids who love:
By oft repeating makes us believe
Those vows are true, tho' false they prove.

These false vows plighted,
We are delighted
To pay in kind such Swains as these;
'Tho' we believe them,
We can deceive them,
For we can do whichever we please.

But for want of children, we
Never had a family,
For which Mrs. L. she would sigh;
So she took a little school,
And to follow such a rule,
For the matter of that, so did I.
But, alas! one rainy day
She talk'd her breath away,
And when the breath is out, one must die:
'T is pity, yet 't is true,
Yet just the same must you,—
For the matter of that, so must I.

COVENT GARDEN.

We have been much gratified by witnessing the performance of *Simpson and Co.* for the first time at this Theatre. It appears to us to be, without exception, the neatest, the smartest, and the most finished petite-comedy that has been produced for many years. Here are no wretched paranoiasal associations, as they are called, to create a laugh in "some quantity of barren spectators;" no legitimate descendants of our old friend "Joe," tortured and disguised in every variety of shape to please the galleries,—no boxing,—no Tom and Jerry,—in short, none of the ingredients that by common consent seem now to form the materials of a modern drama, and the utmost resources of the farce-writers of the day. But, in the room of all these, we have genuine comic incidents, and situations ingeniously and artfully arranged; equivoques bearing all the marks of truth and probability, and characters such as we meet with every day in common life in the most trifling degree, only overstepping their usual bounds, to fit them for the places they are to occupy for the amusement of the audience. The author, indeed, deserves the very best thanks of the public for this dramatic morceau, and for his

endeavours to provide a substitute for the disgusting exhibitions of slang and vulgarity with which we have been of late so freely indulged. The part of Simpson was upon this occasion assigned to Mr. Farren; and although it is not precisely in his general line of acting, yet he performed the character with great spirit, and gave a most ludicrous representation of the unmerited distress in which the worthy citizen found himself involved, and of which he could hit upon no natural solution in his own unsuspecting, straight-forward and ingenuous mind. The scene in which he appears at last to have discovered the clue to the whole affair, and is determined to have what he calls a "Hoax of his own in return," was most admirably worked up, and his by-play throughout the whole was excellent. Cooper was a very good representative of the young and gay Bourgeois, and played with his accustomed ease: it is the best comic part he has yet attempted. Mrs. Gibbs was very entertaining in Mrs. Simpson, and the querulous tone of voice she occasionally assumed in the jealous scenes materially heightened the effect. Miss Chester was the Mrs. Bromley, and a more engaging and fascinating representation of "one of the prettiest wives in the city," we have never seen. Her long illness, we are happy to find, has by no means impaired her beauty, although we thought that her voice (which, by the way, was always rather thin) was something weaker than formerly; practice, however, and a continuance of good health, will soon restore it to its proper tone. Miss Love's Mrs. Fitzallan was altogether too knowing; her eyes are we dare say very fine ones, but she is too conscious of it, and makes too much use of them; she was also too extravagantly dressed for a lady who has been recently widowed. Mrs. Pearse was but a very wretched sort of French woman; but we forbear visiting her offences with the censure they deserve, because she acted only as a substitute. The part, we learn, was sent to Mrs. Chatterley, but she declined appearing in it; a circumstance that surprises us, for it is completely in her way and manner, and we are satisfied she would have played it well.

Progress of Lying.—Even with our knowledge of what passes behind the curtain (both theatrically, and in respect to periodical publications,) we are sometimes surprised at the minute and circumstantial forms in which the lies of the day are circulated. We often meet persons in the street who ought, according to report, to be in bed at the point of death from inflammation of the lungs, brought on by eating ice in the warm supper rooms of A. B. C., or some equally explicit disease traced to an equally notorious fact: nay, the other day we saw, to our amazement, a friend, who had died in the preceding week, driving a cabriolet, and started with horror when he offered to shake us by the hand. But the Stage is of all others the most prolific source of current falsehoods, and an instance of this kind led us into these remarks. For the last fortnight we heard in every company where the drama was spoken of, and frequently from Performers who ought to have been well informed on such matters, a very particular story of a deadly quarrel between Messrs. Elliston and Macready. It ran shortly thus, though a long tale in the telling:—M. in the Green Room, full of actors, expressed his dislike to play Rob Roy, a melo-dramatic character, for his last night till Easter, at Drury Lane. E. pet-

fishily observed, that it was his best part upon which M. rushed upon the Manager, and swore, with uplifted fist, that if he said so again he would lay his head at his feet. E. then mumbled out some apology till he got the door in his hand, when, popping in his head again, he cried, "I do say so; I do repeat it;" and bolted from his wrathful adversary.

We had seen these two gentlemen very pleasantly together on the Sunday following this scene, and wondered at their reconciliation. Will it be credited, that on inquiry, we ascertained that there was no foundation whatever for this entertaining and circumstantial history. The parties, we believe, are good friends, and well satisfied with each other; and we anticipate in April the cordial appearance together of Kean and Macready on the boards of Drury.

POLITICS.

We have neither foreign news nor home murders this week. The sudden death of Mr. Marryat, M.P., and the author of several pamphlets, chiefly on Colonial Policy, is the only incident to record.

VARIETIES.

Mineralogy and Geognosy.—Dr. Charles Naumann of Dresden, in 1821-2, made a scientific tour through Norway, the result of which is, his statement that little has hitherto been done to explain the peculiar character of the mountains in that country. Von Buch's account is but partial; and Varga, Bademar, and Smith, in their travels and essays, give only incidental notices. The obstacles to investigation in Norway are represented as being very numerous, and difficult to overcome. In the Western chain of mountains, the ground is so broken, that it often requires a journey of several days, through rough, inhospitable, and snow-covered districts, and devious voyages on intercepting fiords, before you can get from one valley to another. Travelling is only tolerable on the sea-coast, where clergymen and the authorities welcome the stranger.

The edition of M. Jouy's works has a brilliant success. His preliminary Discourse is much admired:—"Happy the man of letters who can say, I leave behind me some traces of usefulness; my pen has never been dipped in gall, and it has never been polluted by jealousy, falsehood, and adulation. Even in its mirthful occupations it has respected what all ought to respect,—justice, morality, and patriotism. I have never deified power, extolled meanness, or offered incense to folly when enshrined. Genius and virtue have found in me an ardent admirer, rising talent has received from me kindness and attention, and rival talent has not to accuse me of envy or detraction; and if some of my thoughts should outlive me, they will not present, I may venture to believe, either pictures of shame or maxims of slavery, but useful lessons and noble recollections." This is exceedingly well said; but unhappily for literature and society, few men of letters, at least among us, can adopt such soliloquies without exposing themselves to the danger of becoming infinitely ridiculous.—*Paris Letter.*

Making the Most.—A single verse of Boileau has inspired another author with a five act comedy in verse; entitled, *Le Procureur Rôlé*, now preparing for representation at the Odéon.

A curious exhibition is announced in Paris; an actor of a novel species is given out in the bills of the conjuror Comte. A puppet, the work of that celebrated mechanist, M. Mäzel, is to take its part in a forthcoming little comedy. M. Emile Vanderbuch is the author of the words to be said and sung by the wonderful doll. What a prospect of immortality for the writer, poet laureate to the Automations.—*Paris Journal.*

Theatrical Coup.—A fellow named Martial, describing himself as an artist and dramatic author for one of the inferior theatres about Paris, was lately convicted of stealing some silver dishes. Just as sentence was about to be pronounced, he drew a knife from under his clothes and stabbed himself desperately in the breast. He fell,—the court was in consternation,—women fainted,—a doctor was called. He approached the wounded or dead man, who immediately opened his bosom for inspection, and it was discovered that the air-drawn dagger was one of those mortal theatrical instruments which inflict no puncture!

I yesterday saw a dozen passionate love-letters in the hand of Napoleon, addressed to Josephine; one anterior to their marriage. Several of these letters are on large official paper, having the words "Liberté égalité" inscribed on it. Napoleon speaks slightly of his victories, and is uneasy only on the score of the rivals whom he apprehends about Josephine. "Love them if thou wilt," he says to her, "thou wilt never find any of them adore thee as I do."—(*Stendhal's Life of Rossini.*)

The *Scritura*, in Italy, is a little convention of two pages, which contains the reciprocal obligations of the singer and of those by whom he is engaged. In engaging the first talents, there is always a great deal of intrigue, and frequently much more wit than in any other kind of diplomacy. The genius of Rossini has almost always been under the influence of the *Scritura* which he had signed. A prince, who should have granted him a pension of 3000 francs, would have enabled him to wait for the moment of inspiration before he wrote; and by this simple means would have impressed a new character upon the productions of his genius. Our French composers are very much at their ease, and write an Opera once a year. Rossini, throughout his youth, has been obliged to write four or five Operas in the year, in order to pay his landlord and his washer-woman. It is difficult to struggle with low and vulgar difficulties which thus repress the imagination.—(*From Stendhal's Life of Rossini.*)

Humanity.—To R—M—, Esq. Friend of humanity, I address myself to you. Why, Member for G—y, confine thy cares to galloways and the galling of horseflesh? Are not other animals worthy of thy superlative protection? I pray you walk from Charing Cross up Bond-street, and convince your benevolent heart of the hardships to which I, as well as my brother puppies, am exposed. Consider, Sir, the cruelty of our situation. Bared to the air, but denied the privilege of exercise. Rudely handled by ruffians, and offered for sale. Our loins and posterior extremities barbarously uncovered; our eyes running over with salt tears; our handsome feet divested of that fur which would shield us from the inclemency of the weather, (while, to add to our distress, we are gazed upon by muffled beauties and ruffed dandies.) Oh brutally kind legislator! do come; supervise

the extension of your benign act to my race, and eternally oblige your faithful follower

A POODLE PUPPY.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Scottish and Irish Publishers, especially the former, do themselves material injury by not having such of their works as receive a favourable Review in the *Literary Gazette*, appointed to be sold by some Bookseller in London. We have had fifty applications within the last fortnight for books which we have noticed, but which are not to be got here by parties desirous of purchasing them.

A Dissertation on the Gowrie Conspiracy, is being prepared for the press by James Logan, with an examination of Logan of Restalrig's alleged participation, and embracing Biographical Memoirs of the ancient families of Ruthven and Logan.

Mr. Joseph Gwill is preparing to publish, in Six Parts, a fourth edition of Sir William Chambers' Treatise on the Decorative part of Civil Architecture. From the acknowledged talents of the editor, we anticipate much from his Notes on this valuable work, and from an Essay on Grecian Architecture, which he also promises.

Mr. J. Williams, Editor of the last Edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, is about to publish a new edition of Milton's Poetical Works, with copious Notes, and numerous corrections of Dr. Johnson's criticisms, &c.

Memoirs of Riego and his Family, including a History of Spain from the Restoration of Ferdinand, is announced by the Canon Riego, for the benefit of the late General's widow.

A volume of Romances, by Mr. Charles Oliver, author of "Altham and his Wife," is on the eve of publication.

Journal des Savans.—November:—Klaproth, Asia Polyglotta; reviewed by M. Abel Remusat.—2. P. Oleson, Empire Ottoman, tome 3; M. Silvestre de Sacy, 3. Chêfs-d'œuvre des Théâtres étrangers; M. Raynouard.—4. Eusebe Salverte, Horace et l'Empereur Auguste; M. Daunou.—5. C. C. Salfastion, curiaie J. L. Bourneuf; M. Letronne.—6. Caracna Almotensabil, &c.; M. Guvrière de Sacy.

December:—1. Guizot, Essais sur l'histoire de France, by M. Daunou.—2. Hug et Cellier, d'une introduction critique au Nouveau Testament; M. Silvestre de Sacy.—3. Chêfs-d'œuvre des Théâtres étrangers; M. Raynouard.—4. Silvestre de Sacy, Les Scènes de Henri (in Arabic); M. Chézy.—5. Civile, sur la révélation d'Urine; M. Abel Remusat.—6. Explication d'une inscription de la Statue de Memnon, par M. Letronne.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Patience, a Tale, by Mrs. Holland, 12mo. 6s.—Memoirs of Amos Green, Esq. 8vo. 12s. 6d.—The Harveys of a Recluse, post 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Memoirs of Rossini, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Jenway's Antiquarian and Historical Notes, 8vo. 9s.—Peter Schlemihl, a German Story, with Plates by G. Cruikshank, folio 8s. 6d.—Cornack on Original Sin, 12mo. 5s.—Country Attorney's Guide, 8vo. 6s.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 8	from 26 to 36	30.20 to 30.11
Friday..... 9 26 to 45	30.11 to 30.09
Saturday..... 10 40 to 47	30.08 to 30.00
Sunday..... 11 31 to 41	30.05 to 30.27
Monday..... 12 24 to 38	30.30 to 30.29
Tuesday..... 13 22 to 32	30.30 to 30.27
Wednesday..... 14 21 to 32	30.24 to 30.23

Wind SW. and NE.—Alternately clear and cloudy mornings generally foggy.—The Comet on Monday last had moved much farther towards the North, its right ascension being 247°, and declination 35°. It rose at midnight, and set at six in the evening of the following day; and from the rate it was travelling, we may conclude that by this time it does not set. Its distance from Gemma was, on Monday morning at six, 13 3/4". The tail has decreased considerably.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers to many Correspondents will be sent as early as possible. In this respect we cannot but have a great arrears, and must claim indulgence; for it is really out of our power to keep down the accumulation which flows in upon us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

We trust by next week to have our new Advertisement Type ready, and consequently to be able to disappoint fewer of our advertising friends than heretofore, while at the same time their notices shall be even more obviously displayed. We have also to announce another arrangement in this respect, which cannot fail to be satisfactory.—Advertisements shall be regularly numbered, and inserted according to their priority of reception. Those who complain of delay may, therefore, by reference to the Publisher's book, convince themselves that they are fairly taken in turn.

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SICILY and its ISLANDS. From a complete Survey undertaken by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, by Capt. W. H. SMYTH, R.N. With 14 Plates beautifully engraved by Daniell. 4to. 12s. 6d.—Printed for Joan Murray, Albemarle-street.

PORTRAIT of the KING, by Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Messrs. Haras, Robinson, & Co. have the honour to announce, that an Engraving in Mezzotint, executed by Charles Turner, Esq., of a Three-quarter Portrait of His Most Gracious Majesty, from the large Painting, in his private Dress, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. principal Painter to His Majesty, will be published in a few days.
25, Chancery-lane, and 6, Pall-Mall,
Jan. 10, 1824.

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On Monday, January 10, will be published, by Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy,
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In projecting this New Quarterly Review, the Conductors conceive that they are about to take possession of ground entirely unoccupied by any prior Publication. The other Critical Works of the same kind are the powerful and efficient advocates of their respective parties, but it is the firm and decided determination of the Editors of the Westminster Review, to take part with no faction, to support no body of men, and to perform the duties of the office which they have undertaken, and in which they are not untired, as uninfluenced by personal enmity as by personal friendship. In this Publication they have examined a Critical and Political Review, whose decisions shall be formed on the basis of several principles alone, and which, even should their tone ever rise to severity, will never be polluted by the virulence of Party Spirit.

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Having said thus much of the spirit in which the Work will be conducted, the Editors feel disposed, as regards the plan and execution of it, to refer to their forthcoming Number. In a short announcement like the present, it would be impossible to describe them with any precision; and, under any circumstances, perhaps a specimen would be more satisfactory than a description. It will readily be seen, from a slight inspection, that the plan embraces some novelties, and it is confidently trusted, that the execution will be such as to deserve no small portion of the public attention.

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ARTISTS' ANATOMICAL SOCIETY.—The Second Course of Lectures will commence on Tuesday next, January 20.—Gentlemen desirous of joining the Society are requested to transmit their Names and Address to the Secretary, at 34, King-street, Holborn, where every particular may be learnt by applying between 8 & 9 o'clock, on Tuesday and Friday Evening.
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